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# The Lyndon House

By The Author of  
THROUGH DEEP WATERS

## Chapter I.

HARK, Olive was not that the sound of a carriage?"

"I think not, mamma, I heard nothing."  
"I may be mistaken, but I think I heard one," persisted the invalid.  
The girl went to the window, and drew aside the curtain.  
"Yes, mamma, there is a carriage at the door. Who can it be?"  
"I expected some one to-day, Olive—your grandmother."  
"My grandmother?" said Olive, a look of surprise coming over her face.  
"Yes, I said I expected her; perhaps I ought to have said that I hoped she would come. Pray hand me my cordial. I must not break down now."  
A moment later there was a loud, decisive knock at the outer door.  
"Go, Olive, go. It is my mother."  
The girl went out into the narrow hall and opened the door. An elegantly dressed lady of seventy, with piercing black eyes that seemed to read her innermost thoughts stood before her. Instinctively she started back, under that sharp gaze.  
"You are Olive Tremont?"  
"Yes, ma'am."  
"You resemble your mother. I am your grandmother, Clarissa Lyndon. Your mother wrote me that she was ill."  
"She is very ill," was the sad reply.  
"Take me to her at once. I have not seen her for nineteen years."  
Olive led the way into the sick woman's room, and Mrs. Lyndon went to the bedside.  
"Well, Agatha, I am sorry to find you so ill."  
"Mother, I am very glad to see you. It was kind of you to come."  
"Say nothing about that."

"Ernestine did not accompany you?"  
"No. She preferred to remain at home."  
"Mother, I have not long to live, and I hope you will forgive me for disobeying you."  
"Of course I forgive you. But I want you to remember that you became an outcast from home on account of your own obstinacy. You would marry Edwin Tremont."  
"Mother, this delicate girl is my only child, and you can understand how hard it is for me to leave her to the mercies of the cold world."  
"How old is she?"  
"She will be seventeen in a few weeks."  
"I suppose you want me to give her a home."  
"That is my desire, mother. I can die in peace, if I know that she is not to be homeless."  
"I will take her to Lyndon House," said the old lady, coldly.

A sad, weary look came across the sick woman's face. In a faint voice she said:  
"Olive, I would like a glass of water."  
The girl left the room, and immediately Mrs. Tremont looked imploringly at her mother, and said:  
"Oh, mother, promise me that you will be kind to Olive. She is so sensitive, so delicate."  
"Why, Agatha, of course I shall be kind to her, and she will enjoy all the comforts that money can procure."  
"Poor girl! her life has indeed been a hard one, so far. Her father died six years ago, and since then we have been very poor. As long as I had my health, we managed to live comfortably, but for more than a year we have often suffered the pangs of hunger. And when I knew that I had but a short time to live I wrote to you, feeling that you would not refuse to care for my darling child." As Mrs. Tremont finished speaking, Olive returned with the water, and a silence followed.  
"This is a wretched place," said Mrs. Lyndon at length, looking around the apartment.  
"Indeed, mother, I think it is quite comfortable."

Mrs. Lyndon smiled grimly.  
"You call it comfortable, but it is not much like Lyndon House, which you left voluntarily. I have often felt thankful that your father did not live to witness your disobedience. An undutiful child is a curse instead of a blessing."  
Mrs. Tremont was silent.  
"Do you stay here alone with your mother?" asked Mrs. Lyndon, addressing Olive.  
"Yes, grandmother," said the girl timidly.  
"I will send a woman to-morrow."  
"You are very kind, mother," murmured Mrs. Tremont.

Mrs. Lyndon smiled again.  
"I will leave you now, Agatha," she said. "I do not wish to weary you. I stop at the Union Hotel, and will come again in the morning. Good night."  
"Good night, mother."  
Mrs. Lyndon left the room with a slow, stately step, without once looking back towards the patient sufferer.  
"Oh, mamma," sobbed Olive, as soon as the old lady was out of hearing, "she does not appear like anybody I ever saw."  
"You must try to love her, dear child, no doubt she will be kind to you; and there is no one else who would be likely to befriend you—your father's sister has always ignored our existence."  
"Oh, mamma, how can I part with you?"  
"Hush, my dear! I am going where the weary rest."

Olive felt as though her heart was breaking. She bowed her head and remained silent, for she knew that to give her emotion vent would agitate her mother and greatly increase her illness.  
The next morning Mrs. Lyndon came again as she had promised. For the remainder of that sad time Olive was relieved from



all care, but she did not leave her mother's side.

Mrs. Tremont lingered three days, and then passed peacefully away.

As soon as the funeral was over, Mrs. Lyndon took her granddaughter and started for home. A journey of three hundred miles is soon accomplished by rail. Mrs. Lyndon lived five miles from the thriving city of Bangor. A carriage was waiting to take them home.

Olive was too weary and grief-stricken to take much notice of the country through which they passed. She saw large, smooth fields, substantial farmhouses, and occasionally a large and fine mansion.

In the distance she could see picturesque hills and valleys, and glimpses of a silvery stream. The month was June, and the trees were robed in their freshest green.

At length Mrs. Lyndon turned to the pale, black-robed girl by her side, and said:

"That is Lyndon House, Olive."

Olive looked in the direction indicated, and saw a large brick mansion, surrounded by magnificent elms. It was three stories in height, and had a forbidding, tomb-like aspect which sent a shudder through Olive's frame. She said nothing for a moment and when she spoke her voice was low and tremulous.

"And that," she said, "was mamma's home."

"That was your mother's home until she was eighteen. At that age she married."

There was a brief silence, and then Olive said:

"You have a ward, I believe."

"Yes—Isabel Nelson."

Evidently the old lady was not in a communicative mood, and Olive remained silent.

Presently they stopped before the front door, and the coachman assisted the ladies to alight.

Mrs. Lyndon opened the door and entered the house. One moment Olive found herself standing in a long, low hall; the next they had entered a room at the left, where a lady was seated.

She rose, came forward slowly, and extended her hand which Mrs. Lyndon grasped in a fervent pressure.

"My dear Ernestine, I am so glad to be at home again. This is your niece, Olive Tremont."

Ernestine bowed. She was a tall, spare lady, with a dark face. There was a world of determination about her thin lips.

A quick, light step sounded in the hall, the door opened, and a slight, girlish figure appeared on the threshold.

"Come in, Isabel," said Mrs. Lyndon. "This is my granddaughter, Miss Tremont—my ward, Miss Nelson, Olive."

Isabel murmured a few words of greeting. Olive essayed to speak, but her voice failed. She felt sad and lonely. It seemed to her that her cup of misery was full to overflowing.

"Ernestine," said Mrs. Lyndon blandly, "will you show your niece to her room?"

When Olive was alone in the comfortable chamber to which her aunt conducted her, she sank listlessly into a chair, and was soon lost in a painful reverie.

Minutes passed, and she did not change her position. At length there came a knock at the door, and she rose to admit Isabel.

"I see you are not yet dressed for dinner," said that young lady, glancing at Olive's travel-stained garments.

"The bell will ring in twenty minutes."

"I am so weary that I think I should not have moved, if you had not come in."

"Auntie is very particular about having

the members of the family punctual at meal time."

"Grandmother is your aunt? Then we are relatives," Olive ventured to say.

"I am not related to Mrs. Lyndon—I have no relatives living. My father and Mrs. Lyndon's husband were friends. But I will not delay you longer," and Isabel passed from the room.

We have not yet described Olive. She had a sweet, patient face; golden curls clustered over the white brow; her eyes were dark and dreamy, with heavy lashes; a dusky carmine flamed from either cheek; and her mouth was full and gorgeously stained with a rich red.

When, in company with Isabel, she went down to dinner, clad in a plain black dress, she had never looked lovelier.

"She is very, very beautiful," thought Ernestine, "and I hate her."

## CHAPTER II.

The days passed very quietly. Olive had been an inmate of Lyndon House nearly a month, and nothing had occurred to break the dull routine.

Mrs. Lyndon and her daughter lived in a very secluded manner, apparently having few friends. One pleasant morning Olive and Isabel were in the garden gathering flowers for the vases, when the sound of footsteps caused them to turn quickly. A tall young man, with a bronzed face and a heavy black mustache stood before them. Isabel's composure completely deserted her for a moment; then she extended her hand and said:

"How do you do, Mr. Leighton?"

"I am very well, thank you," he returned.

"This is Miss Tremont," faltered Isabel.

The gentleman bowed gravely, but Olive saw the look of admiration in his dark eyes, and her cheeks glowed strangely.

Isabel informed Mr. Leighton that Mrs. Lyndon and Ernestine were both at home, and he went slowly up the gravelled walk. As soon as he had entered the house, Isabel turned to Olive and said:

"Do you know who that man is?"

"Yes," said Olive quietly; "it is Mr. Leighton."

Isabel smiled.

"And Mr. Leighton is Ernestine's lover," she observed.

"Indeed!"

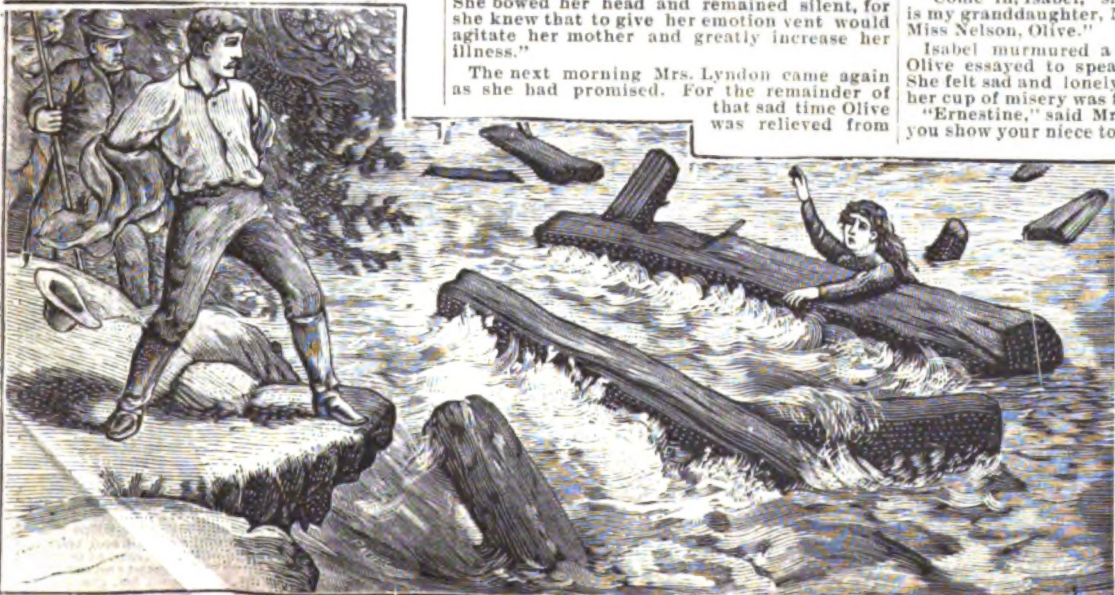
"How provoking you are, Olive. Come, now, confess that you feel interested in him. Of course you can't deny that he is handsome. Ernestine has been angling after him for years, but I don't believe he cares anything about her."

"But you said that he was her lover."

"Mrs. Lyndon thinks so, and I have no doubt that Ernestine tries to think so. He was left an orphan when quite young, and was adopted by Harvey Mordaunt, Mrs. Lyndon's half brother. Mr. Mordaunt died four years ago, leaving all his wealth to his adopted son. The fine old estate of Beechwood is his. But perhaps auntie has told you all this."

"I never heard of it before."

"Ernestine is not a beauty, and she is nearly thirty. Her chances for making a good marriage are few. Moreover, I think she loves Harold Leighton as much as she is capable of











The weather is really getting a little frosty, sister Bees, and reminds us of what is coming. We have early winters here in Maine, you know. But I have put a little fire in the grate (just bring in another armful of wood, if you please, brother Drone) and we will draw our chairs up around the blaze and be as cozy and cheerful as possible. Close the door tightly, Queen Bee, our Southern friends are not used to this bracing air; but be sure to leave the latch-string out for the late comers.

"Jack Frost met me just as I was coming out of my door," says Maggie May, "and gave my nose such a tweak that I thought Winter had come surely. So I stepped back for an extra shawl, and happened to think of my Combination pattern; just what you will need when the cold weather comes, sisters, and these long fall evenings give you lots of spare time to be knitting on them. It isn't so very much work, now try it! and you will get rid of one band around your waist.

#### DRAWERS AND VEST COMBINED.

Material required for one garment—vest and drawers:—Five double skeins Scotch wool, at a cost of about 33 cents per skein; two sets bone or rubber knitting-needles, one set (two needles) about a medium size, the other set a little larger; also four medium-size steel needles, for ankles and bands.

The following directions are for a person of medium size, from 30 to 34 inches bust measure, and can be changed for other sizes at rate of four stitches on each needle to an inch:

**BACK.**—Cast on 80 stitches on the smaller size bone or rubber needles, slip 1, knit 1, seam or purl 2, k 2, continue in same way to end of needle, turn and proceed as before, taking care that the seams correspond, thus making the work come in even ridges. After knitting 6 inches in this way change needles for the larger ones and proceed in same manner until this piece is about 18 inches long, or after being stretched crosswise to fit the back, will reach to the neck; bind off rather loosely so that the top may stretch, full width of the shoulders.

**FRONT.**—Cast on 80 stitches on large needles, slip 1, k 1, purl 2, k 2, as on back, until about 8 inches have been knit; then change to smaller needles, those first used on the back, knit the same length on them as on back and change to larger needles in same manner, except that you should divide the stitches and knit one-half at a time in order to leave an opening large enough to get the garment on; to do this, slip 40 stitches off on a cord and tie cord so that stitches shall not unravel. Knit the remaining 40 stitches as before, keeping all seams straight for a length of about 4 inches, or until the piece will reach to the arm pit; then on the outside edge of front, knit last two stitches together each time across until 8 stitches have been lost, this fits the front round the arm. Continue with this number of stitches, 32, for about 6 inches, or until the piece will reach over the shoulder; bind off loosely. Take up the remaining 40 stitches and proceed as with last 40. Take the back, and where you began with the 80 stitches on small needles, take up half of them, or 40 stitches, on large needles; cast on, or make 10 stitches more in the center; knit so that seams shall correspond until this last part is the length of the lower part of front (the part first knit on large needles.) Sew this side of the back and front together over and over, taking care that the different points knit on the large and small needles come together horizontally; for this part knit on smaller needles; make the rest fit round the waist; and that on the larger ones gives the fullness at the bust and hips. Take up 40 stitches of front on the same needle, and proceed for the leg of the drawers. This makes 90 stitches on one needle. About half-way to the knee begin to narrow by knitting together last 2 stitches on each end of needle, but do not narrow oftener than every third time round unless the leg is very small. From just above the knee to the largest part of the calf, do not narrow at all, but at the calf narrow as before until 60 stitches are left. Knit these 60 stitches on 3 of the steel needles, using the fourth to knit with, then bringing the two edges together to fit the ankle, knit with these needles about 4 inches; slip and bind all stitches off, taking care to fasten last stitch tightly. The object of the steel needles is to make the ankles fit more closely, as the work done on them will not stretch so much as that on the large needles.

Sew up sides of leg to within about 4 inches of the front of vest; this brings the seam on inside.

Take up other half of back and proceed as on the first leg; when done fasten the extra 10 stitches on each half of back onto the back, overlapping each other. Back and front should be sewed together to where the front is rounded to fit the arm; sew the ends of front on top of back, keeping the seams straight. This leaves 16 stitches in the back to fit the neck. This front opening is large, to admit of pulling whole garment on and off easily, though, if one prefers, the vest may be left open whole length of front by knitting front in two pieces. I prefer the front whole across the lower part of the body.

**SLEEVES.**—Cast 50 stitches on large needles; narrow each time across until 40 stitches are left; after 5 inches are knit use the three steel needles and proceed as with the ankles to the required length. If the sleeve is desired to come to the wrist it should be narrowed above the elbow and occasionally below until 24 stitches are left; then use steel needles, sew sides together and sew into arm's eye making seam join seam under the arm, this brings the gore under the arm. Narrowing should be done according to proportions of the person. (I give my own.) A shell of silk crocheted round the sleeves and neck makes a pretty finish.

Washing these vests do not rub on a board, soak in very soapy warm water for about half an hour, then rinse in the water and the dirt comes out readily; however, if after first washing any dirt remains, soak again in clean soapy water, rinse through two waters and wring stretch lengthwise before drying.

Soap bark is full better than soap, and can be procured at any druggist's for a small sum.

I have worn two of these garments in change, for four winters, and with some repairing they will last two more, and I consider them very cheap garments.

Now this is practical, I am sure. You need not look so disdainful, girls; you would be glad enough to have one of these nice warm garments, if your mother or some good maiden aunt would knit it for you. But we will let you have your turn presently.

Mrs. Golder, did you say that you had brought some pretty things? After coming so far, from away off in Oregon, you certainly ought to be heard.

"Yes, I have something for both crochet and knitting needles, and hope all will be pleased. First will you try with me a pretty crochet edging about 1-2 inches wide?"

#### CROCHET EDGING.

Make a chain of 13 sts.  
1st row.—Turn, pass over 3 sts, 1 tr into each of the 4 next sts, 2 ch, pass 1 st, 1 tr into each of 4 next sts, 3 ch, turn.

2nd row.—1 tr, 1 ch into each of 4 trs, 2 ch, 4 trs under 2 ch of last row. This row is repeated until you have worked the length required.

For the edge.—1st row.—1 dc into a point, 5 ch, repeat.

2nd row.—1 tr into a st, 2 ch, pass over 2 sts and repeat.

3rd row.—1 dc into the top of a tr, 2 ch, 2 trs separated by 4 ch, repeat from the beginning of the row.

For the heading on the other side of center work 2 rows like 1st 2 rows of edging.

And for the knitters, here is a very simple pattern for

#### INFANT'S KNITTED BOOT.

Materials required:—1 oz of 3 thread wool, 2 knitting needles, No. 16, and 1-2 yard satin ribbon.

This is a very pretty, simple and quickly made little boot. Commence at the bottom of sole, cast on 144 sts, work in patent knitting as follows:

For 1-4 inches make one by putting the wool over the pin, slip 1, k 2 together, repeat from beginning of row. When you have worked the 1-4 inches, commence the decrease.

1st row.—\*Make 1, slip 1, k 2 together, repeat from \* 3 times, make 1, slip 1, k 2 together, pass the slip st over the 2 k tog, k 3 tog, continue in patent knitting to the end of row. Repeat this row until you have worked 3 inches, measuring from the bottom of boot.

Now for the ankle. Work in ribbed knitting, k 1, p 2 tog, repeat from beginning of row, k 1, p 1 for 2 inches more.

Now for the top of leg. To increase number of sts sufficiently, make 1, k 1 throughout, then work in patent knitting 1-2 inches, and cast off. Fold the shoe down the middle of back, sew it very neatly with a needle and wool up the front from the top of ribbed knitting; draw the knitting up from the toe a little, and sew it; sew up the sole, gradually sloping a little towards the heel; the work must be gathered in a little at the heel to shape it nicely. After sewing turn the boot.

For the edge of revers: Crochet 1 dc into a st of knitting, pass over 1 st, 2 trs, 1 ch and 2 trs into next, pass over 1 st and repeat. A bow of ribbon is sewn to the top of front of ankle, and the top of leg is turned over.

I hoped that we might have ever so many bright ideas for Christmas presents this month. Has no one brought any? We want to begin early on our work, you know, for time flies so fast.

"For those who paint," says H. Woodward, "I can tell them of a lovely scarf. It is of pale green silk with a strip of bolting cloth on one end, on which are painted wild roses and leaves. On this end sew pink silk tassels, and on the other, long silk fringe the exact shade of the scarf."

"May I interrupt a minute?" exclaims an Ohio sister. "These scarfs may also be embroidered with arrasene, and are very effective. I saw an exquisite one of pale-green china silk and pink bolting cloth. On the silk was a conventional pattern in pink arrasene, and pink balls and rings finished the end. The bolting cloth end had a similar design and finish in green, and the result was very beautiful."

"A dozen linen doilies may be prettily made," continues Sister W., "by drawing on each a design of a single grape leaf; lay a natural leaf on the linen and mark around it. Work the edge of leaf in skeleton stitch, the veins in etching stitch, with white or light green washing silk."

The Badger State sends two representatives. "Just a little hint," says Mrs. Lewis Harnisch. "When Sister W. spoke about the doilies, I was reminded of one I have at home to lay over my bread. It is made of fine damask, fringed all around, and across the centre is an appropriate motto in colored silk, 'Come eat of my bread.'"

"Girls, just try my

**TWINE HOLDER.** remarks Conradina Rosenow, the other "Badger" Bee. "Saw a cocoanut in two, and scrape out half the shell clean. When dry, bronze or gild both outside and inside. Bore a small hole through the end for the twine. Bind the top with a bias piece of plush, finish with ribbons to hang by, and a tiny pair of scissors. Another pretty thing is a

**CARD BAG.** made of chambray skin, the bottom cut into a fringe. Paint on one side three cards, or make cards of white silk with painted spots and paste them on. Cut slits in the top and draw up with ribbon."

Is this all you have for me this time, my dear Bees? I shall have to give you a few hints myself. Have you ever made any of those pretty

**GLASS BOXES.** Very dainty and pretty are the glass boxes for jewelry, gloves and handkerchiefs. They are easily made, requiring only neat stitches to make them look well. Triangular, square and oblong are the favorite shapes. It is best

to cut patterns in paper to take to the glazier, who cuts them from common, white glass. A pretty size for a jewel-case is a triangle measuring five-and-a-half inches on each side (top and bottom are alike). The three pieces for the sides are five-and-a-half inches long, and two inches deep. Bind the edges with ribbon, holding it very tight and sewing it only at the corners, which must be turned very neatly, or the good effect is marred.

The width of the ribbon, depends, of course, on the size of the box. For one of the size named, an inch-wide ribbon will do. When all the pieces are bound, fasten them together with a few stitches at the corners, leaving the lid open at one point. Put bows on each corner and cover a thin piece of scented wadding with satin for an inside cushion, laying it in without sewing it to the box.

The young folks will want to make something for their friends who wear glasses, and they will like the little

#### SPECTACLE WIPERS.

Cut two oval pieces of chambray of convenient size, draw on one a pair of spectacles, and on the other the words,

*The world will never look quite right, Unless you keep your glasses bright.*

Bind the pieces with narrow ribbon, and fasten together with a bow.

Queen Bee, can't you tell the girls how you made that lovely necktie for Cousin Drone? I know they'll all want to make one this year for their own special John or Harry.

"Yes indeed, it was very simple, like this: GENTLEMAN'S NECKTIE.

Take one ounce of knitting silk, No. 300, of any color preferred, and a medium-sized steel hook.

Make a chain of 32 stitches.  
1st row.—Miss 3, 5 tr in 4th loop, miss 3 sts, \* 1 dc in next st, 2 ch, 5 tr in same st that the dc is in, miss 3 sts, repeat from \* to end of row, ending the row with 1 dc in last st of ch, turn.

2nd row.—2 ch, 5 trs in the dc at end of previous row, 1 dc under 2 ch of first 2 ch of first shell, (a) 2 ch, 5 trs under same 2 ch that the dc just made is under, 1 dc under 2 ch of 2nd shell of 5 trebles, repeat from (a), end the row with 1 dc in 4th tr of last shell.

Repeat this 2nd row until the work is 7 inches in length, then decrease 1 row by omitting 1 shell at the beginning and end of the row, and make 2 rows on 5 shells only, then decrease 1 row by omitting 1 shell at each end as before, when there should be 3 shells in the row; work on these 3 shells until you have a strip 12 inches long, counting the 1st made row of 3 shells, then increase 1 row by making 1 shell at each side of row, and work 2 rows without increasing, then increase 1 row by making a shell in beginning and ending the row, as before; then work a strip 15 inches in length without increase or decrease.

Well, we have had a long session, and a profitable one, I think. Good-bye, fellow-workers! a safe journey to you.

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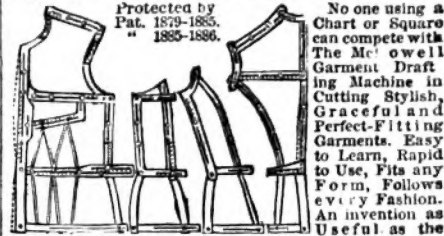
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Common Sense and Opera Toe, widths C. D. and E, sizes 14 to 8, in half sizes. Send your size, we will fit you. We pay expressage.

**Dexter Shoe Co., 122 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.**

"A dollar saved is a dollar earned."

## GOLD WATCH FREE

A - LADIES' OR GENTLEMEN'S - SPLENDID TO OFFER

We furnish a Fine \$15 Outfit, to be paid for when sold.

**NO MONEY IN ADVANCE.** Fastest selling goods. Largest commissions ever offered. Gold Watches as premiums easily obtained Free by each agent. Fine Nickel-Silver Watch free for selling first \$15 outfit. Write for particulars. **A. H. M. CO., 259 Greene St., New York City.**

**\$100 Cash Down. •• \$1,200 TO \$2,400 YEAR.**

**\$850 worth of Valuable Prizes.** To the First Person who sends a correct answer to this rebus before Thursday, December 31st, 1891, we will give **One Hundred Dollars Cash.**

To the Second, \$50 CASH. To the Third, \$25 CASH. To each of the next Ten.

**A Solid Gold Stem-Winding Watch.** These watches are not plated, but **SOLID GOLD CASES** and fine American movements. To each of the next five, a **\$50 Singer High-Arm Sewing Machine** with five drawers, extension drop leaf, full set of attachments, and warranted five years by the manufacturers. To each of the next Five.

**A Handsome Silk Dress Pattern** of 14 to 18 Yards. You can choose between black, gray, blue, green, brown or wine color, and we will send the color of your choice. To the next twenty we will give to each one a **Handsome Genuine Solid Nickel-Silver Cased Watch**, warranted American movement, stem-wind and stem-set. We send these premiums the same day your guess is received, all express charges prepaid, to the limit of this offer.

With your answer to the rebus we require you to send 50 cents in postage and **WE WILL SEND YOU TWO DOLLARS WORTH OF OUR BOOKS**, besides the prizes, free, and all charges prepaid. This liberal offer is made to introduce our new goods, and, if possible, make you an agent for them, by which you **CAN MAKE \$1,200 TO \$2,400 A YEAR EASY.**

Answer this 5-word rebus at once, and address your letter to **The East India Co., Jersey City, N. J.**

## WHAT A LARGE PUBLISHING HOUSE GOING OUT OF THE BUSINESS

threw a great quantity of Music Books on the market; we were lucky enough way down here in Maine to secure the lot at almost nothing, and for this week will send one collection only to a person on receipt of six cents. When you consider that you are to receive over twelve dozen songs with music for a mere song, you will probably make haste to answer, as they won't last long, and you will probably find some piece in the lot that you have hunted high and low for, and would not sell for \$1.00, and yes, "Comrades" is in it, also 144 other popular songs.

**MORSE & CO. Box 15, AUGUSTA, ME.**





## DEAR COUSINS:

I know it is a little late for pickling and preserving now, but some very nice receipts have been sent in, and I think we had better have them at this time, than save them for another year; don't you?

Mrs. Spencer of Orono, Maine, has sent directions for making various kinds of pickles and preserves, and as the Yankee women are famous for concocting such dainties, we will listen to her first.

## GREEN TOMATO PRESERVES.

One peck tomatoes, steamed, peeled and quartered. Add 4 lbs. sugar, 1-2 ounce lemon, and cook 3 hours.

(I suppose you mean lemon juice and rind, Mrs. Spencer? A little ginger-root and mace gives this preserve a delicious taste, like some foreign confection.)

## TOMATO PICCALILLI.

One peck green tomatoes, 5 onions chopped fine, 2 quarts vinegar, 1 cup sugar, 1 spoonful white mustard, 1 spoonful salt, 3 bell peppers, 1 spoonful cloves. Boil 15 minutes.

## SWEET CUCUMBER PICKLES.

One-half bushel cucumbers; peel, quarter, cut the seeds off and let stand in salt over night. Drain, and cook in a little salt-and-water (enough to cover) until you can pierce them easily with a fork. Take 1 pint vinegar, 1 teaspoon cloves and allspice, 1 pint sugar, let boil and turn over the cucumbers.

## CRAB APPLE JELLY.

Take as many apples as you like; quarter them, and cook in enough water to cover; strain through a jelly bag. Cook the juice 3 hours, then strain again. Measure the juice, and add a pint of sugar to each pint of juice; boil 20 minutes, and turn into tumblers.

Perhaps the frost has not killed all the tomatoes "down South," and some one can try this Catsup receipt, which I think must be a good one.

## CATSUP.

Select good ripe tomatoes, scald and strain through a coarse sieve to remove seeds and skin, then add to each gallon when cold, 3 table-spoons of salt, 2 of ground mustard, 1 table-spoon black pepper, 1 table-spoon ground allspice, 1-2 table-spoon cloves, 1 pint cider; simmer slowly 4 hours, bottle and cork tight.

## SURPRISE CAKE.

One egg, 1 cup of sugar, 1 cup milk or water, 2 cups of flour, 1 large table-spoon of butter, 2 spoons baking powder, 1 spoon of flavoring.

## MEDA.

We can try the cake anyway, Cousin Meda, if the catsup does come a little late. You see I have to make up copy a month in advance of publication.

Will you accept a receipt from a Lone Star State cousin? It is a very good cake; I have tried it many times. I call it

## WILLIE'S CAKE.

Because a little boy by the name of Willie likes it so well.

Two eggs, 1-2 cups of sugar, small cup of currants, 1 cup of sour cream, a spoonful of soda, 1-2 spoonful of cloves, 1-2 spoonful of cinnamon and sufficient flour to make quite stiff. Bake in a moderate oven. And may I say something about

## PRICKLY PEARS?

So few people know what good jelly they make, and they grow so abundantly in the Southern States. I pick the pears several days before I want to use them, and let them wither a little, and the thorns are not so bad. Then pare them and cut them up a little; cook them in very little water. Then strain them twice through a small sieve; do not squeeze them through a rag, or they will be stringy. Use a cup of sugar to 1-2 cups of juice, and boil till it bubbles like mush. It will not boil down so that it can be cut with a knife, as a great many like jelly, but it is quite thick, and a delicious flavor.

I have tried a great many receipts in the COMFORT and like them very well; and hope you will like mine. Your faraway cousin, JANE E. WARD.

I hope some one will try this receipt and report their success. I confess that I never saw a prickly pear in my life; they do not grow so far north as New England; so my knowledge of their properties is decidedly limited.

## PICKLED PLUMS.

Good sized plums like the Purple Gages are best for pickling. For 10 pounds of fruit, use 5 pounds of sugar, 1 quart of vinegar, 2 ounces of stick cinnamon, and a few whole cloves. Stick 2 or 3 cloves in the plums, and prick the skins with a fork so they will not burst. Heat the sugar and vinegar, skim, put in the spices and plums; cook until tender, but do not allow them to break; can quickly, while hot.

## PICKLED CHERRIES.

Select nice cherries, the red-sour ones are preferred; leave the stems on and proceed the same as with Pickled Plums, except do not prick them with a fork or stick them with cloves.

## TO PRESERVE CURRANTS.

To 10 pounds currants, 7 pounds sugar; take stems from 7 pounds currants, press the juice from other 3 pounds. When sugar is made into hot syrup, put in currants; boil until thick and rich.

## MAMIE LE DUKE, Hathaway, Tenn.

I noticed in September COMFORT that A. M. M. wants a receipt for peach jelly. I will send mine, perhaps she will like it; my jelly is lovely.

I take my peaches that I am going to can or preserve and pare them as thin as I can with a knife. I wash the parings and place them in a large preserve pan and cover with water, and boil them about 20 minutes; then drain them through a colander, do not press or squeeze them. Then I take a cup of sugar for every cup of juice, and boil until it jellies.

Will some one send a receipt for graham bread?

## COUSIN PEARL.

Dear Cousin Ceres:—I will make you a call and give you some receipts; they are all good.

## SCALLOPED APPLES.

Butter a pudding dish and put one layer of peeled sliced apples in the bottom. Sprinkle with sugar, a very little flour and cinnamon, and some small bits of butter. Fill the dish in this manner and bake one hour, covering the dish to prevent burning on the top. Serve cold or hot.

**COCONUT COOKIES.**  
One cup butter, 2 cups sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup grated coconut, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, flour enough to roll; roll very thin, bake quickly but do not brown.

## FEATHER CAKE.

One cup sugar, 2 table-spoonfuls of butter, beat butter and sugar to a cream, 1 egg, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1-2 cup milk, 1 teaspoonful lemon.

## WASHINGTON CAKE.

One cup sugar, 1 table-spoonful butter, beat sugar and butter to a cream, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 3-4 cup of milk, white of 1 egg, 1 teaspoonful lemon; bake in layers.

**FILLING FOR WASHINGTON CAKE.**—Yolk of 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1-2 cup sugar, 2 table-spoonfuls corn starch, beat all together. Set on stove and stir until cooked. Then put in 1 teaspoonful lemon and stir well; spread on cakes.

LOU HOWLAND, Academy Corners, Pa.

Here are a few more choice receipts from an old contributor.

## ORANGE PIE.

Four eggs, 2 table-spoonfuls of butter, 1-2 pint of milk, 1 cup of sugar, the juice of 2 oranges and the rind of one. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream; add the beaten eggs gradually with juice and grated rind; lastly add the milk thickened with a little corn starch; bake in a slow oven 25 minutes.

## CABBAGE SALAD.

One-half cup sour cream, 1-2 cup vinegar, a little salt and sugar mixed with the cabbage after it is chopped; mustard to suit the taste; heat the vinegar and cream, then pour over the cabbage.

## BAKED ONIONS.

Boil in salted water 1-2 hour, lift out with a drain spoon and lay them closely together in a baking-pan, salt and pepper, also 1-2 teaspoonful of butter on each onion; bake in a hot oven 1-2 hour, when they should be both tender and browned.

## POTATO NOODLES.

Grate 1 dozen boiled potatoes; add 2 eggs, a little salt, 1-2 cup of milk, enough flour to knead stiff; then cut in small pieces, then roll long and round one inch thick; fry in plenty of lard to a nice brown.

## STUFFED CABBAGE.

Cut out the heart of a fine large cabbage, fill the vacancy with cooked chicken or veal minced very fine, highly seasoned and rolled into balls with yolk of eggs. Tie the cabbage firmly together and boil in a covered kettle 2 hours.

MISS L. G. GRAMM, Cordelia, Penn.

## COOKIES.

One and one-half cups sugar, 1 cup butter, 2-3 cup sweet milk, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoons powdered ammonia, stir in as much flour as possible before rolling out. Cut in shapes and turn upper side in sugar. Bake in a quick oven and you will have delicious cookies.

## LEMON CREAM.

Mix before putting on the fire, 1 pint of lemon juice, 1 pound of sugar, 10 well beaten eggs, 1 ounce of corn starch stirred until smooth and the grated rind of 1 lemon; place on the stove and beat it or stir constantly until it just cooks, take off, and beat a little while longer, then turn out in a deep dish or in small moulds. Serve with cakes for dessert or tea. MADGE.

Next month I will promise some delicious candy receipts, and other delicacies appropriate to the coming winter season. Thank you, kind cousins, for your contributions.

COUSIN CERES. (Care of COMFORT.)

## WATCHES AT LOW PRICES.

There was a time when the possession of a watch was considered a luxury. That was before the invention of the machinery which brought about a revolution in the production of this essential article of our daily routine. Where formerly an artisan working early and late could turn out by hand a few watches a year, he can now, with the aid of improved machinery, turn out daily many dozens. This has resulted in cheapening the price of watches, and nobody need now be without one.

On another page we publish an advertisement of W. S. Simpson, 37 College Place, New York. This gentleman carries a large line of watches and jewelry, and there can be found in his establishment all that one requires in these articles. If any of our readers wish a good watch at a very reasonable figure order of him. You will receive proper treatment at his hands, for his aim has always been to give satisfaction and honorable treatment to all with whom he deals. Read his advertisement. Our readers should send for his catalogue of goods.

**CARDS!** New Sample Book 3c. U.S. CARD CO. Cadiz, O.

**DROPSY CURED.** Send one dollar for box of medicine that will remove Dropsy. Dr. J. H. MOORE, Cripple Creek, Va.

**OPIUM** Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

**25 SILK FRINGE FAN** Develops and Fancies Shape Cards (names on all) 10 CENTS. Agents' COMPLETE OUTFIT FREE with every ORDER. CROWN CARD CO., CADIZ, OHIO.

**WANTED** in each locality, a lady to do writing, obtain names, address circulars, manage congenial homework. Good pay. Send stamp for 32 pp. brochure teaching our New Art. SYLVAN FRINGE CO., Performers, Port Huron, Mich.

**20 Elegant Fringe Fan**, (patented), Emb. Basket, &c. Cards, with name on, this fine 1 blade knife, 1 perfect fountain pen, 25 games, outfit, &c. Agents sample book, 10c. CROWN CARD CO., CADIZ, OHIO.

**SECRETS OF CLAIRVOYANCE** and how to HYPNOTIZE. Gives you power over acquaintances, overcomes trouble and enables you to discover articles lost, hidden or stolen. A \$2 book for only 25c. "The Book Co." 67 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

**MANAGERS WANTED** Everywhere to take charge of our business. Advertise, distribute circulars & employ help to sell goods. **WAGES \$50** to \$125 PER MONTH. Expenses advanced. State experience. Wages expected, also your preference for home work or traveling. SLOAN & Co., Mfrs. 394 George St., Cincinnati, O.

**\$50 APPOINTMENT ON 30 DAYS** Guarantee \$100 Profit in 4 Weeks or No Pay. Send stamp for free samples. **SHOOF & CO.** Racine, Wis.

**Silk** Satin & Plush Remnants for Crazy Patch a large package pretty pieces, assorted colors 10c. 5 pkg. 25c. A large pkg. all colors Embroidery Silk 20c. Tissue Paper Flowers, how to make, samples of paper and price-list of material, 10c. Ladies' Art Co., Box 534 E, St. Louis, Mo.

**CUT THIS OUT!** and return to us with Ten Cents in silver and you will get by return mail a **Golden Box of Goods** that will bring you in more money in one month than anything else in America. **REWARD CARD CO., Box 1531, New York.**

**FREE.** SUPERB FORM. LOVELY COMPLEXION. PERFECT HEALTH. These are my portraits, and on account of the fraudulent air-pumps, "wafers," etc., offered for development, I will tell any lady FREE what I used to secure these changes. **HEALTH** (cure of that "tired" feeling and all female diseases) Superb FORM, Brilliant EYES and perfectly Pure COMPLEXION assured. Will send sealed letter. Avoid advertising frauds! Name this paper and address MRS. ELLA M. DENT, STATION B, San Francisco, Cal.

Please mention COMFORT when you write.

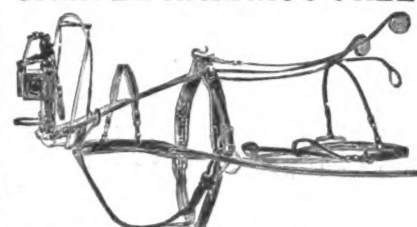
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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the first cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 133 Pearl St., N. Y.

More Money is Made every year by Agents working for us than by any other company. Why don't you make some of it? Our circulars which we send Free will tell you how. We will pay salary or commission and furnish outfit and team free to every agent. We want you now. Address Standard Silver Ware Co., Boston, Mass.

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## SAMPLE HARNESS FREE!



This is a regular \$20 harness but in order to introduce our goods and get agents working for the next 90 days, we will sell them for \$6.87 and give ONE FREE if you sell six. Cut this out and send it to us with \$1 as a guarantee of good faith, and we will send the harness to you by express, C. O. D., subject to examination, and if you find it all we claim and perfectly satisfactory, you pay the express agent the balance \$6.87 and take the harness. OTHERWISE PAY NOTHING! When cash in full \$6.87 accompanies the order we send FREE a genuine felt saddle pad, worth \$1. This single harness is made of genuine oak stock either in bright or black trimmings, with patent leather blinds with either side or overchecks; heavy breast collar and patent leather saddle, and double and stitched traces. All parts are accurately made and sewed by experienced labor. If you want a harness or can sell one or wish to SELL SIX and GET ONE FREE, order immediately, this is your last chance to get a \$20 harness for \$6.87 as this ad will never appear again, address FLOUR CITY HARNESS COMPANY, 222 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Mention COMFORT.

## THE MAMMOTH STAMPING OUTFIT.

A NEW DISCOVERY WHICH REVOLUTIONIZES THE STAMPING OUTFIT BUSINESS.

FOUR COMPLETE ALPHABETS AND 185 LARGE AND ARTISTIC PATTERNS FOR ONLY 50 CENTS.

Stamping patterns have hitherto been made only of the best linen parchment paper, which is very expensive, but after years of study, a new paper has been discovered which can be successfully used for this purpose for all kinds of POWDER stamping, making beautiful, perfect patterns which may be used for powder stamping at least seventy-five times with perfect success. The discovery and use of this new paper permits us to offer fine first-class stamping patterns at one-fourth the regular price, and in this outfit will be found for the small sum of 50 cents, patterns which cannot be equalled by any two \$1.00 stamping outfits in the market. Each outfit contains four complete alphabets suitable for every description of work, two alphabets two inches high, two alphabets one inch high, and 185 beautiful and well-made patterns, many of large size, nearly all of which are named below.

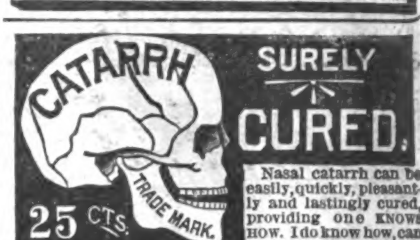
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| 1 Set of 26 Initials 1 inches high.                           | 1 Alphabet 1 1/2 inch high.                                   | 1 Alphabet 1 inch high.                                      | 1 Large Butterfly.                                 |
| 1 Complete Alphabet.  | 2 Braiding Patterns.  | 1 Spray Carnation Pink.                                      | 1 Buttercup 3 inches high.                         |
| 1 Design Love Lies Bleeding 6x7 in.                           | 1 Spray Wheat 3 in. high.                                     | 1 Sunflower 6 inches high.                                   | 1 Design Buttercup.                                |
| 1 Outline Design Boy with Wagon 7 in.                         | 1 Corner design Fuchsias and Lily of Bird.                    | 1 Design Buttercup.  | 1 Braiding Pattern 5 in. wd.                       |
| 1 Bird.   | 1 Design Lady's Bust 5 inches high.                           | 1 Design Four Leaf Clover.                                   | 1 Spray Daisies 6 in. high.                        |
| 1 Crescent of Wild Roses and Buds.                            | 1 Design Sunflower 6 inches high.                             | 1 Yacht 7 inches high.                                       | 1 Dancing Girl 8 in. high.                         |
| 1 Design Lady's Bust 5 inches high.                           | 1 Half Wreath Daisies 8 inches high.                          | 1 Cluster Rose Buds.   | 1 Spray Roses 6 inches high.                       |
| 1 Design Sunflower 6 inches high.                             | 1 Outline Design Girl 7 inches high.                          | 1 Poppy Design.  | 1 Bunch Forget-me-nots.                            |
| 1 Design Forget-me-nots 7 inches high.                        | 1 Cluster Grapes 3 inches for napkins.                        | 2 Sprays Daisies 4 in. high.                                 | 1 Design of Buttercup.                             |
| 1 Corner Design Forget-me-nots 7x7 in.                        | 1 Design for flannel skirt 4 inches wide.                     | 1 Design Salvia 9 in. high.                                  | 1 Vine Holly 4 inches wide.                        |
| 1 Design for silk embroidery 3 in. wide.                      | 3 Designs Rose Buds for baby's blanket.                       | 1 Design Daisies 4 in. high.                                 | 1 Spray Poppies 3 in. high.                        |
| 1 Design Acorns and Leaves 9 in. high.                        | 1 Outline Design Man "ye olden time."                         | 1 Large Rose Bud.  | 1 Mushroom 4 inches high.                          |
| 3 Braiding Patterns 2 1/2 inches wide.                        | 1 Butterfly.  | 1 Design of Dog.   | 1 Cluster of Roses.                                |
| 1 Design for flannel skirt 4 inches wide.                     | 1 Des. Good Luck Horse Shoe and Design Crescents.             | 2 Day Designs.   | 1 Clover Design 10 in. high.                       |
| 3 Designs Rose Buds for baby's blanket.                       | 1 Spray Wild Roses 8 inches high.                             | 2 Designs for Pen Wipers.                                    | 1 Braiding Design 1 1/2 inch.                      |
| 1 Outline Design Man "ye olden time."                         | 1 Des. for tinsel embroidery 5 in. wide.                      | 1 Design Wild Roses.   | 2 Butterflies.                                     |
| 1 Butterfly.  | 1 Design for shaving case 5 inches high.                      | 2 Butterflies.   | 1 Anchor and Chain.                                |
| 1 Des. Good Luck Horse Shoe and Design Crescents.             | 1 Braiding Pattern with cor. 2 in. wide.                      | 1 Scallop with Eyelets.                                      | 2 Large Butterflies.                               |
| 1 Spray Wild Roses 8 inches high.                             | 1 Cluster Thistles 7x7 inches.                                | 1 Design Pansies 5 in. high.                                 | 1 Design Nasturtium 9 inches high.                 |
| 1 Des. for tinsel embroidery 5 in. wide.                      | 1 Des. for flannel embroidery 2 1/2 wide.                     | 1 Outline Des. Boy Spinning Top 6 in. hi.                    | 1 Cluster of Buttercups 6 inches high.             |
| 1 Design for shaving case 5 inches high.                      | 1 Scallop Design with Eyelets.                                | 1 Outline Design Girl Going to School.                       | 1 Design Daisies.                                  |
| 1 Braiding Pattern with cor. 2 in. wide.                      | 1 Outline Design of Girl for tidy.                            | 1 Design Swallow on Branch 3x5 in.                           | 1 Design of Pitcher for tray cloth.                |
| 1 Cluster Thistles 7x7 inches.                                | 1 Spray of Jonquil 6x7 inches.                                | 1 Outline Design Boy with Bouquet 8 inches high.             | 1 Clover Design.                                   |
| 1 Des. for flannel embroidery 2 1/2 wide.                     | 1 Cluster Roses and Grasses 4 inches high.                    | 1 Spray Golden Rod 5 inches high.                            | 1 Outline Design of Girl 8 inches high.            |
| 1 Scallop Design with Eyelets.                                | 1 Mouse.  | 1 Outline Design Girl 5 inches high.                         | 1 Corner Design Daisies and Bachelor Bunch Grapes. |
| 1 Outline Design of Girl for tidy.                            | 1 Design Pansies 6 inches high.                               | 1 Design Forget-me-nots 7 inches high.                       | 1 Cluster Strawberries.                            |
| 1 Spray of Jonquil 6x7 inches.                                | 1 Design Pond Lilies 5x6 inches.                              | 1 Design Forget-me-nots and Lilies of the Valley 4x5 inches. | 1 Spray Sunnec 4 inches high.                      |
| 1 Cluster Roses and Grasses 4 inches high.                    | 1 Cluster Fuchsias 4x10 inches.                               | 1 Frog.  | 1 Peacock's Feather.                               |
| 1 Mouse.  | 1 Corner Design Fuchsias and Lilies of the Valley 7x7 inches. | 1 Design Roses with Buds and Leaves.                         | 1 Bunch Cherries.                                  |
| 1 Design Pansies 6 inches high.                               | 1 Half Wreath Wild Roses 8x8 inches.                          | 1 Spray Wheat.   | 1 Calla Lily 4 inches high.                        |
| 1 Design Pond Lilies 5x6 inches.                              | 1 Design Good Luck 4-Leaf Clover and Large Rose Bud.          | 1 Cluster Apple Blossoms 4x5 inches.                         | 1 Design Pansy 3 inches high.                      |
| 1 Cluster Fuchsias 4x10 inches.                               | 1 Des. Menches, Leaves and Blossoms.                          | 1 Spray Daisies 4 1/2 inches high.                           | 1 Design Leaf.                                     |
| 1 Corner Design Fuchsias and Lilies of the Valley 7x7 inches. | 1 Des. Wild Roses and Buds 4 in. high.                        | 1 Outline Design Girl 6 inches high.                         | 2 Discs 4 inches across.                           |
| 1 Design Forget-me-nots 7 inches high.                        | 1 Design Cherry Blossoms 7 in. high.                          | 1 Design Wild Roses 5 inches high.                           | 1 Design May Flowers 3x4 in.                       |
| 1 Design Sunflower 6 inches high.                             | 1 Handsome Bouquet 6 inches high.                             | 1 Girl Rolling Hoop 4 inches high.                           | 1 Design Horse.                                    |
| 1 Palette with Wild Rose for Thermometer.                     | 1 Outline Des. Girl and Dog 7 in. high.                       | 1 Half Wreath Daisies 8x8 inches.                            | 1 Dromedary's Head.                                |
| 1 Daisy.  | 3 Designs Wild Roses 4 inches high.                           | 1 Pretty Little Miss 7 inches high.                          | 1 Cluster Leaves 4x5 inches.                       |
| 1 Bouquet Flowers, Grasses and Ferns.                         | 1 Daisy.  | 1 Design Tiger Lily 6 inches high.                           | 1 Clover Design 4 inches high.                     |
| 1 Rose 3 inches high.   | 1 Design Stag's Head 5x5 inches.                              |  | 1 Tiger's Head, etc., etc., etc.                   |
| 1 Cluster Daisies 6 inches high.                              | 1 Design for Cigar Case 4x4 inches.                           |  |  |
| 1 Design Pomegranate 4 1/2 inches high.                       | 1 Design for Laundry Bag 7x9 inches.                          |  |  |
| 1 Cluster Bachelor's Buttons 7 in. high.                      | 1 Duck Swimming 3x4 inches.                                   |  |  |
| 1 Design "Heathen Chinee." Comic.                             |   |  |  |
| 1 Braiding Design with Scallops 3 1/2 inches wide.            |   |  |  |
| 1 Design Shamrocks.   |   |  |  |
| 1 Scroll Design 1 1/2 inches wide.                            |   |  |  |

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Please mention COMFORT when you write.

**SILK DRESS 50 Cts.**  
You pay the 50 cents after you get the dress. All Colors and Warranted. Address CANWELL & CO., 43 Beekman St., N. Y. City.



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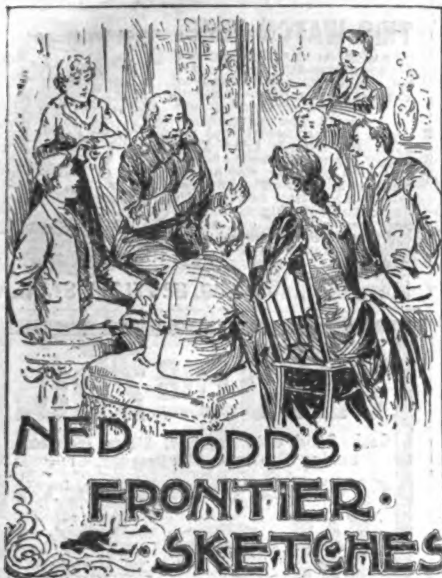
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silver—silver inside and gold outside. The cases are very hand-made, and beautifully engraved by the most skilled engravers. It will retain its high color and is warranted to wear a life-time, different from the cheap brass watches offered by other firms. It contains nothing but solid gold and pure silver, and in fact is in every way, except in intrinsic value, equal to a \$100 gold watch. The movement is one of the very finest and latest pattern, every piece is carefully made and fitted by hand, it is accurately regulated and adjusted with finest escapement and chronometer balance, quick train, jeweled, ruby pallets, stem-winder and stem-setter. Be sure to mention whether you want ladies' or gents' size, and if hunting or open face is preferred. Order at once or our price will be advanced. This offer is good for 60 days, otherwise we charge \$25.00. Address: W. S. SIMPSON, 37 College Place New York.





It had been a busy day in Oklahoma City. The trains had borne scores of people from the States and the piles of dry goods which were heaped about the store buildings were enormous. A man who still retained something of the frontier rusticity and whose hair was silvered with gray, could be seen walking about the streets in his hunting jacket of tanned fawn skin.

On his head he wore the broad brimmed hat of the frontier. He was an object of curiosity to almost everybody.

"Who is he?" was the universal question. "That is Ned Todd, the frontier scout and hunter," was the answer.

"Ned Todd," Ned Todd had heard of him and when it became known that that man with silvered hair was Ned Todd he became more of a curiosity than ever. When it became known at which hotel he stopped, the place was besieged with people asking admission, but only a few could be accepted. Night came and the great parlor was filled with people who having learned that Ned Todd was about to recite some of his famous adventures had come to hear him.

Winnie Dawson the pretty young school miss and Jack Royal a young dry goods clerk sat close together, and Tom P. Morgan the young author averred that Jack was guilty of squeezing Winnie's hand. John H. Whitson, another author who lived just over the line in Kansas, said that Tom had no right to meddle with affairs which did not concern him, to which Morgan, who by the way is a young bachelor, said that Whitson did not know how much that concerned him.

It was evident to a new comer that Ned Todd had been accustomed to relate stories to the young people.

"Now Mr. Todd," began Winnie. "Didn't I tell you to never minister me," the veteran frontiersman said with a twinkle in his mild gray eye.

"Well, Uncle Ned then. I can't call you Ned." "All right little girl," Ned Todd responded, filling his pipe with golden leaf tobacco. "I will make a compromise with you on Uncle Ned. Mind you it is to be only Uncle Ned, not Mr. Todd. But I didn't mean to frighten you out of what you were going to say. Go on little girl."

"I was going to ask you if you wouldn't tell us another story or two before bed time."

The hunter and scout smiled good humoredly as he answered: "Why little girl you are going to make a regular story paper out of me. I will soon get to a point where I will have to say, 'To be continued in our next,' when I haven't time to finish a yarn."

"But Uncle Ned you promised to tell us a story to-night."

"All right little girl, and it shall never be said that Ned Todd ever broke his word even with a little girl school teacher. Now if you will make Jack Royal keep right still and not make a noise I will tell you the love story I promised you last time."

"About forty miles west of Fort Wingate in New Mexico is the great Zuni town, an enormous pueblo—a terraced building of five stories—containing a thousand half civilized Indians. They have always been friendly to the whites, but showed great bravery in their wars with other Indians. They cultivated the ground with great skill, producing abundance of corn, wheat, beans and melons. Their wealth is in sheep and goats, blankets, beads and pottery. In this great human hive are carried on all the complicated concerns of an advanced condition of life; government, manufactures, art and religious rites. They are domestic in their tastes, and I never saw a people so fond of pets. Turkeys and tame eagles abound among them, living above the terraces of the pueblo, sometimes even in their dwellings."

"Zamaca was a Zuni Indian, a noble young fellow as one ever saw. He was kind and charitable, and brave as a lion. Zamaca like all young Zunis was to be married at a certain age to Prullia the daughter of Cacique. I have seen Prullia and I must say I never saw a more beautiful girl in all my life. Now Winnie don't you think your pretty lips. Had you seen her you would say I was right. Everybody thought Zamaca lucky."

"One day while on a hunt Zamaca heard the report of guns and yell of Apaches in a gulch, and hurrying there saw an officer from the fort, a young lieutenant, wounded and down on the ground, his horse killed at his side. Zamaca bravely charged the Apaches, drove them away, rescued the officer and carried him nine miles on his back to his home, or apartments rather, in the big flat called the Zuni house. Here he carefully nursed Lieutenant Riley to health and life. He brought up as his assistant his sweetheart Prullia. That was an evil hour for poor Zamaca."

"Officers in the United States army are not always gent. men, and the lieutenant was no exception to the rule. He saw that Prullia was beautiful and from the moment his evil eyes rested on her Zamaca's happiness fled."

"He lily repaid the brave Zuni for saving his life. In five short weeks the lieutenant had the Indian girl infatuated. The red girls like their white sisters sometimes make a fool over a man who wears fine clothes. The blue coat, the brass buttons, the gold cord, the gorgeous uniform and silver handled sabre won the poor little Zuni beauty. Then she was carried away by the soft, vain flattery which the officer poured in her ear."

"Zamaca was forgotten. No more was his society desired and in vain he came to her apartment to sit and smoke, to watch her spin yarn from her father's wall or wear blankets or cloth. She heeded him not. Many times she was gone with the officer, who wandered with her about the turrets of the house, or climbed down the five long ladders to the earth where she strolled on the plain. When Lieut. Riley recovered and went to his quarters Zamaca hoped that all would be over, but he returned and Prullia would no more tolerate her Indian lover."

"One day as the officer was descending from the Zuni house, which is always entered by means of ladders from the top, he found Zamaca at the bottom ladder waiting on the ground. He halted the lieutenant and said:

"Is it a generous act of a white man whom the Zuni saved from death, carried on his back to his home, now to steal his love? I have ever been kind to you. I would have given my life for the white man and now in return he steals my Prullia's heart from me. You do not want the Zuni for your wife, then why wreck her happiness and mine?"

"The officer who had but little qualities of the man said:

"Come back with me. We will go to her and see who she will choose."

"Zamaca, knowing full well what would be the result of such an issue, went with him and they both stood before the infatuated Prullia. She was asked which she would choose and poor girl, we can't blame her, many a girl graduate chooses fine clothes in place of manhood, and she did the same. She accepted the officer and bade Zamaca leave forever."

"Sadly he took his departure, wending his way along the roof to the ladder. His pet eagle and turkeys came about him, he fondled them affectionately and descended to the earth. He went sadly away and next day was found dead at the bottom of a towering cliff."

"Of course the officer jilted the pretty Zuni girl after a time and she refused food, refused to speak, but sat lonely and desolate in a dark apartment until she starved to death. Did you ever hear of a more thrilling love story?"

When he had finished the veteran scout knocked the ashes from his pipe and crushing another handful of golden leaf in his left hand proceeded to stuff it into his pipe. This was regarded by the boys who knew Ned best as a good omen.

"As long as he fills up that old pipe there is more stories coming," whispered Tom Morgan. "When his pipe stays empty he tells no more stories."

"It would be better for a suffering public," Whitson whispered, "if you were the same way and you would run out of tobacco."

"John Whitson, if your arm would take the lock-jaw so you couldn't write another story, you would save many a poor fellow from the nightmare."

Ned Todd again turned his eyes toward them. But Jack Royal eager to hear another story said:

"Ned, tell us a cow boy story."

Ned eyeing the author said:

"Those two fellows are already quarreling over the material I am furnishin' 'em and maybe I had better stop."

"No, you have given us one," said Tom Morgan. "We will be sure to fight over that. Give us another so we can have one apiece."

"That's it," cried everybody. "Give them one apiece."

"All right," Ned had lighted his pipe and was smoking.

"Jack there wants a cow boy story so here goes. Now a cow boy life has a little romance in it, as the life of a country school teacher. But it is thought by everybody to possess a charm. Unless hardship and privation are charms there is not a grain of charm in it nor about it. There is very little adventure in it, and it's the most humdrum life one ever led."

"Sometimes there is an adventure as in a round up when a fellow is gored, or a stampede when one is crushed. One of the wildest, most exciting scenes one ever gazed upon in my opinion is a stampede at night. I never saw but one and that is sufficient to last me to the end of my days, I don't care to ever witness another."

"I was down on Red River a number of years ago with the Indian agent driving out the cattle of non-residents from the Indian Territory. Twenty-six thousand head of cattle had been rounded up. We had but a few cow boys of experience to manage such a monster drove of cattle. I had had considerable experience as a cow boy in my earlier days and could handle the quirt and lasso quite effectively."

"One night I noticed that the cattle were growing restless and uneasy. They had been rounded up for the night and it was a dark evening, a heavy bank of clouds in the west portended a coming storm and I knew that we would have it before morning."

"The low rumbling thunder in the far off west growled in its approach nearer and nearer to us. Now the Lord only knows what causes some stampedes. The boys sometimes think it's something the cattle scent in the atmosphere, but I don't know."

"They seemed to become suddenly nervous. There was short bellows of dread. Even the bulls no longer gave their low defiant bellows but uttered short gasping screams of fear. One who has never seen a stampede knows nothing of it."

"They are rittin' uneasy," one cow boy whispered. "Thunder'll be ter pay afore mornin'!"

"He was correct, for we did have a wild time before morning. The cattle grew more and more restless, the bellowing became wilder and the infectious disease of fear seemed uncontrollable. I could actually see the poor beasts tremble. It was not long before they began to paw the earth and then came the climax."

"They all seemed to start with a wild bellowing cry toward the woods."

"Stampede—stampede—will it—will the stampede," cried the Indian agent."

"What does willing a stampede mean?" Winnie asked.

"When cattle get started on a stampede they will run until they are exhausted. One always seems to take the lead and they follow each other. Then in order to keep them from running away and scattering all over creation, you must get them willed, that is going around in a circle. To do that a cow boy starts around the herd and comes upon the leaders, these he lashes on the side and head until he gets them gradually turned in a circle. The circle may stretch over three or four miles, but they all keep going round and round until they run down. Now to will the stampede is very dangerous. If your horse falls you will be trampled to death by the thousands of hoofs that follow."

"I heard the cry to will the stampede and with some reluctance began the perilous undertaking. Mounting my horse I dashed forward into the darkness. It seemed to me as if the earth had become a sea of rocking heads and tails. The lightning's flash occasionally painted a lurid glare on the sky and showed a terrible picture. I was a stranger in the country and knew not the shape of the land."

"Away we sped. The thunder made the earth quake and the roar of hoofs was deafening. I grasped my rein and with my quirt tried to tame the cattle in the advance, bellowing, starting, rushing. Alarmed at the thunder of their own hoofs the cattle thundered on, on and on like the wind."

"Sometimes we seemed dashing through the thickets and trees and bushes, sometimes we thundered over a prairie. The ground was rough. My horse stumbled more than once, but I kept tight rein on him and prevented his falling. I had shouted to the frightened cattle until I was hoarse without effect. At last I resolved to gallop around them and turn the leader. I dashed away at the top of my horse's speed at the right of the herd, determined to make a circuit about them and come on them on their right flank."

"My companions were lost in the rear. I could not hear them any longer and must depend on myself to round those frightened thousands. Away I went at the top of my horse's speed. Trees brushed past my face and I knew I was in a portion of the country which was thinly timbered."

"All of a sudden my horse stopped and refused to move. He stopped so suddenly that skilled as I was I came nearly going over his head."

"Get up!" I cried. But he would not stir.

"I raised my spurs to drive them into his flank when a flash of lightning revealed before me a deep precipice fully a hundred feet."

"I could see the tops of tall trees below me and reined my horse back. I was sick with fear and went back to the camp. A single inch forward would have sent horse and rider to a death awful to contemplate. The cattle were not rounded up that night. Two or three hundred were killed by falling over a precipice and the others or a part of them were gathered up in a few days and driven across Red River into Texas."

When a man says he has never been scared in his life he has either never had anything to frighten him or he is a liar. I have had several things in my life to alarm me, but I believe the narrow escape of that night has put as many gray hairs in my head as any other event. But it's growing late—"

"Oh Ned," cried Jack Royal, "tell us about the Benders, that family of murderers in Kansas."

"Not to-night."

"Will you tell us to-morrow night of the Benders, Uncle Ned?" asked Winnie in her winsome way.

"Perhaps I will."

"Say you will."

"I will, so go to bed and good-night until to-morrow."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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# YOUNG FOLKS Department

## MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

This is the month when we have our New England holiday, which we call Thanksgiving Day. Doubtless most of you are looking forward to it as a vacation time, a day of feasting and enjoyment; and that is right, for its founders set us that example. But I want you to stop for a moment and think about what it really means; let us talk about it a little. *Thanksgiving Day*, what is that? Is it not a day for giving thanks? Yet how few ever think of that.

We have many things for which to be thankful; there is no need to numerate them, because each one knows best for himself what are the good things in his life. And who sends us these blessings? God, our Heavenly Father, who is all the time watching over us, whether we are thinking of Him or not. We are very ungrateful if we never think of His loving care, or give Him one word of praise for the happiness and comforts He gives us. So on this coming Thanksgiving Day, in the midst of the good time and jollity, will not each one of my "young folks" try to have a thankful heart and a spirit of gratitude toward our Heavenly Father. Don't think Auntie is preaching. I do not want you to be pious little prigs, but I do want you to be happy, earnest boys and girls, healthy in soul and body; and you cannot be all this unless you have begun to recognize and know your best Friend, the Lord who made you, and to whom you belong.

Dear Aunt Minerva:—I live in a small village about 7 miles from Lake Ontario. In summer a good many go from here to the lake camping and also a great many picnics go there. This village has about 500 inhabitants. At this place the peach and pear crops are very large this year, there were also lots of cherries, but the grapes were nearly all killed by frosts. We have quite a number of vineyards right here. I do not attend school now as my eyes trouble me some, but I love to read. I paint quite a good deal and also do some fancy work. My parents are living but I have no brothers or sisters. I am a Christian and try to do something each day for Him who has done so much for me. I have an organ and that helps me pass many hours. I should like to have some of the cousins write to me. I will try to answer all letters from cousins not over 18. With best wishes,  
EDITH M. SHAW, Box 90, Hannibal, Oswego Co., N. Y.

There is one girl who is not ashamed to show her colors. I hope there are many more like her.

Dear Aunt Minerva:—I live in Florida. My papa and mama and my sister and myself came from Mass. 3 years ago last March, to live at Silver Springs Junction. At Silver Springs, two miles from here, there is a beautiful spring, and the water is so clear you can see a pin at the bottom 80 feet deep. My papa works in Ocala where we get our mail. Ocala is 3 miles from here and is a large city; it is talked of as the future capital. Tallahassee is the capital now, but it is in the northern part, while Ocala is about in the center. I live about 150 feet from the railroad. Two trains stop here every day, one going south and one going north, and two trains go by without stopping. We had strawberries 5 months, 6 quarts a week from a farm 1-2 mile away. All kinds of flowers are in bloom and will bloom all through the winter. I am 12 years old and have never written to any paper before.  
JENNIE A. MOWRY, Box 417, Ocala, Fla.

It must be quite a change from the cold climate and east winds of New England, to the sunny land of Florida? I should like to see your flower-garden, Jennie, for I know you have lovely roses, and everything that is pretty.

Dear Aunt:—I am a boy 13 years old, and live in the northeastern part of Colo. This place has about 1000 inhabitants. If any of the cousins will write to me, I will tell them about the cowboys and the country around here. I have no pets, but I used to have an antelope, a prairie dog, and a cat; the cat would sleep with the dog. We live a mile from the South Platte river, and 140 miles from Denver. I go to the Broadway High School, and on Saturdays I work in a real estate office. Your loving nephew,  
VIRGIL B. WATTS, Sterling, Colo.

Will you not write a letter for our column, Virgil, all about the country where you live? Then all the cousins can have the benefit of it. I wish you would tell us something about your prairie dog, too; how did he look, and what did he eat?

Dear Aunt:—I thought probably you would like to hear from a little Mormon boy from Utah. I am not quite 11 years old. I attend Sunday-school on Sunday and primary meetings on Friday, and I am sure that if all little boys and girls do as they were taught, they could not be the naughty wicked people that we are reported to be. We live in a little town about 40 miles south of Salt Lake City. I have 4 brothers and 3 sisters; that makes us 10 in family, and sometimes ma says she feels like

"The old woman that lived in a shoe."  
She had so many children she didn't know what to do. We are having quite a rain storm, which makes the farmer rejoice. Your nephew,  
DOUGLAS EDEBACK, Cedar Valley, Utah Co., Utah.

Well, what a good time you must have at your house, Douglas! You surely never get a chance to be lonesome. I should like to know what your "primary meetings" are; something like a "Junior Endeavor" Society? Tell us when you write again.



Polly gives the kitten a bath.  
(Query.) Good Gracious! Where is the kitten.

Dear Aunt Minerva:—Will you please let me come in and be your niece too? I would like to tell the little cousins how I've been spending vacation. I went to see my uncle away out in the country. It was a long way, but we went by land; and oh, you who have never traveled through the country can't imagine the pleasure there is! There were only four of us, but what a nice time we did have! On Tuesday we began making ready to start the next day. We cooked provisions to last us two days, for it took two days to perform the journey. We packed our trunks and had everything in perfect order, to start the next morning, though it did seem that the next morning never would come. Never did a night seem so long. But when day did come, I was up earlier than ever before. That was one morning mother didn't have to call and call and keep calling and then drag me out of bed to get me up. Bright and early Wednesday we were ready to start on our first day's journey. We traveled about eight miles, when we were joined by the rest of our party. There never was a jollier four together. I believe. We traveled through long dusty roads, and down hills, till it did look like we would get to the bottom after a while, but I don't believe we ever did. After we had gone some distance through the hot sun and dust, our appetites were beginning to return. Now the next thing was to find a cool brook and shade, that we might eat and rest. After going down one of the

longest hills in the county, we came to a small creek, where we concluded to stop and eat some "grub." Oh, how cool and refreshing it was to bathe our face and hands in the water! There we ate our dinner, and afterwards a water-melon, and just had a jolly time. But I don't think one poor fellow enjoyed it very much, for the first thing he did, was to get into a great nest of those hateful little things you call ticks. We stayed there more than an hour, and the boys filled up the bottles with fresh water to start again. We traveled on and on till the sun began to sink in the western horizon, and as we were near some houses, the boys thought it best to take up for the night. There we divided, two went to one house and the other two to another place. But the old "oman" didn't talk much like we could stay, and we commenced putting on our thinking caps to know what to do. But after a while she decided to let us stay. She said, "John will be to the house arter while, and I reckon you can stay." So we stayed. Well, it did seem that that was the longest night I ever witnessed. I rolled and tumbled from one side of the bed to the other, but at last I was dozing a little when the old man began roaring for his people to get up. He called the old woman first, "Beck, Beck, get up Beck!" At last she grunted a little, and then he commenced calling "Sal." He called her about forty times before he could get a single grunt from her. He called some of them about a dozen different times before he could get any one up. After breakfast, when we all had gotten back together (I wasn't sorry a bit either), we started from there, and traveled all day, only stopping long enough to eat and rest. Just before the sun began to seek its hiding place again, we were in a beautiful little town, where we all took in a good drink of soda water to revive us up and wash the dust down. We were then eight miles from our uncle's. We reached his home at last, where we spent many pleasant hours. When it came time to return home we bade them farewell, and returned to our father's happy old farm.

ELIZA ANN S.

One girl had a good time in her vacation, that is very evident, in spite of ticks and bed-ticks, (was it the hard bed that made you roll around so, the night you stayed with "Beck" and "Sal"? By your description, I should think you lived in a hilly country. "Where there is so much land that they have to stack it," as the old Vermont farmer said about his State.



## DOROTHY'S MITTENS.

First she thought she'd have them black,  
Stitched with yellow down the back;  
Then she changed her mind and said  
Nothing else would do but red.  
Red looked warm and stylish too,  
So, indeed, did navy blue.  
Navy blue with scarlet tops  
Such as sold in all the shops.  
Then again there's brown which "goes"  
With almost any kind of clothes,  
And brown she'd somehow never tried.  
She thought she might as well decide  
On that—she paused and then went back  
Through all the list, once more to black.  
And black she said they'd surely be,  
So mamma bought the wool, you see,  
And now they're having lots of fun  
O'er Dolly's mittens, just begun.

F. L. S.

We shall not have room to talk any more this month, so I will wish you all a good time for Thanksgiving Day, and don't forget our little "preach."  
Your loving,  
AUNT MINERVA,  
(Care of COMFORT.)

## A Sure Chance to Make Money.

I read with interest letters from correspondents. If this, my first letter, escapes the waste basket, I may write others. My old schoolmate made so much money plating knives, forks, etc. I ordered a \$5 machine from H. F. Delno & Co. of Columbus, Ohio. I made \$21 the first week. I get all the plating I can do, and sold three platters at \$12 profit. The work is splendid even on the finest jewelry. Any reader can get circulars by writing and have profitable employment the year round.  
YOUNG READER.

## LOVELY SAMPLE CASE OF NEW CARDS.

AGENTS FULL OUTFIT NO. 2, TUTTLE CO., NORTH HAVEN, CONN.

PEOPLE can make money. We show them how. Write us. Nov. T. W. Co., Oswego, N. Y.

**BOTTLED** Electricity cures Catarrh, Colds, etc. Address LITTLE & CO., Chicago, Ill.

**CARDS** LATEST STYLES, Beveled Edges, Floral, Silk Prints, Envelopes and Calling Cards. Finest Sample Book ever offered for 2c. stamp. NATIONAL CARD CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

6th and 7th Books of Moses, Alburthus Magnus, Long Lost Friend, and a new way to find Hidden Treasures. B.O. Stauffer, Bachmanville, Pa.

**\$5 A DAY SURE.** \$2.15 Samples FREE. Horse owners buy 1 to 6. 20 other specialties. REIN HOLDER CO., Holly, Mich.

**AGENTS WANTED** for our new book Child's Life of Christ. Elegant-ly illustrated. Outfit mailed on receipt of 30 cents. Address NATIONAL PUB. CO., Chicago, Ill.

**A Remarkable Offer!** Send 4 cents in postage stamps, a lock of your hair, name, age, sex, and receive a clairvoyant diagnosis of your disease free. Address, J.C. BATDORF, M.D., Grand Rapids, Mich.

**QUILT PATTERNS!** Three beautiful patterns full size, all different. Sent by return mail with catalogue of specialties for only 10c. MODERN ART CO., New Haven, Ct.

**EXAMINATION SILK HANDKERCHIEFS**, feel and look just like silk. Sample by mail 1c. 3 for 2c. REAL SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, finely brocaded sample 50c. 2 for \$1.25 mailed. EXHIBITANTS OF SILK HIBBONS from one to three yards long, different widths, finest quality. One package by mail 50c. 2 for 90c. GRAND CENTRAL NOVELTY CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

**FAT FOLKS** using "Anti-Corpulene Pills" lose 15 lbs. a month. They cause no sickness, contain no poison and never fail. Sold by Druggists everywhere or sent by mail. Particulars (sealed) 4c. WILCOX SPECIFIC CO., Phila., Pa.

**DO YOU** want the funniest book published? If so, send three 2-cent stamps for American Humor, the most laughable book out, containing the latest yarns, comic stories, very funny jokes, and sells. Illustrated Catalogue Free.

**EXCELSIOR PUBLISHING HOUSE,** 31 Beekman Street, New York.

Please mention COMFORT when you write.

**18 KARAT GOLD.**  
\$5.85 buys this elegant 18 Karat Gold Plated hunting case watch, and if you sell or cause the sale of six we will give you one free. Out this out and send it with your order and we will ship the watch to you by express C. O. D. If satisfactory after examination pay the express agent \$5.85 and the express charges and it is yours, after you have ordered and paid for six we will send you one free. The National Mfg. & Importing Co., 884 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

## NO MONEY WANTED



In Advance. **EXAMINATION FREE!**

**A WONDERFUL OFFER! \$20 Outfit For \$5.65**

**READ!** We have bought at a forced sale for CASH, the entire lot of over 2000 hands-

some cases of Silverware, at LESS THAN ONE-THIRD what it Cost to Make Them. You can have one case for less than half the cost to make. JUST THINK! A handsome large plush and silver ornamented and decorated silver case (case alone at retail sells for \$5.00, you can't imagine from the picture how beautiful it is) and the following described extra heavy plated silverware of a very high grade made of heavy plates of coin silver over hard inner metal and fully warranted, viz: 6 Table Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Table Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 1 Butter Knife, 1 Sugar Shell and 1 Napkin Ring, (a place arranged in the beautiful plush and silver tray for each piece.) The silverware alone being of such high quality would be VERY cheap at retail for \$15.00 or the complete case a bargain at \$20.00.

**OUR OFFER!** Cut this advertisement out and send to me immediately and we will send the complete outfit to you by express C. O. D. subject to examination (all express charges paid by us). You can examine it at the express office, and if satisfactory PAY THE EXPRESS AGENT \$5.65 and take the regular \$20 outfit.

Order immediately; there is only 2000. They will soon be gone. Address ALVAH MFG. CO., 170 West Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

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**THIS WATCH FREE.**  
We wish to secure 25,000 agents for our new watch (the Admiral) to induce honest workers to start at once we have decided to give every agent a sample watch free. If you want profitable employment and an elegant watch free send us 27 cents (stamp) and we will send you the watch and terms of agency. The Admiral is an accurate time keeper with quick beat train highly finished and jeweled, with one silver case, cut (1-3) is correct illustration of watch we send. Give both your Post office and Express Office address Address, KIRTLAND BROS. & CO. 62 FULTON ST., N. Y.

## \$200 FOR 25c.

Cash, Solid Gold Watches, Silver Watches, Sewing Machines, Silk Dresses, Etc.,

**GIVEN AWAY.**

**HAIR**

The above letters, 3 and characters when read correctly make the name of a high government official. Who is he? To the first person sending a correct answer to the above before Jan. 1, we give

**TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS CASH**

to the 2d, \$100 cash; to the 3d, \$75 cash; to the 4th, \$50 cash. To each of the next ten a **SOLID GOLD 16-STEM-WINDING WATCH**, warranted solid gold, hunting case, stem-winding, American movement. To each of the next five, a **\$45 HIGH ARM SEWING MACHINE**, Singer's Improved, five drawers, extension drop leaf, full set of attachments and warranted ten years. To each of the next ten a **Handsome Silk Dress Pattern**. To each of the next 25, a **Handsome Nickel Silver Watch**. To each of the next 50, a **Choice House or Business Lot**, valued at from \$10 to \$100 cash. Premiums sent same day your answer is received. All express charges prepaid to the limit of this offer. With your answer send 25c. postal note or 50c. in stamps for a subscription to our illustrated 16 page Paper, worth a dollar a year. Our January issue will announce the result of the contest, with names and addresses of the winners. We have given away over \$20,000 in prizes and premiums to our subscribers in the past two years and now have over 200,000 circulation. Write your answer and name and address plainly, and enclose subscription money to **HOME CHEER, 41 & 43 Beekman St., N. Y.**

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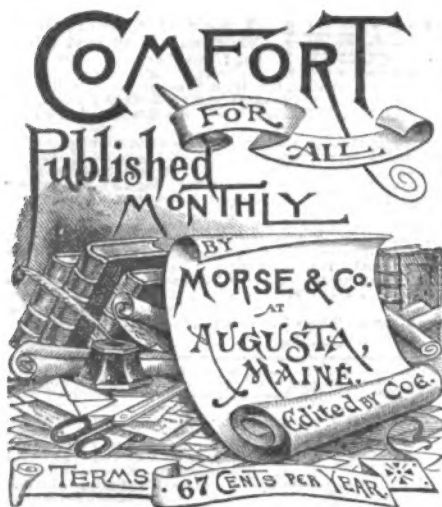
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For a year's Trial we will Mail Comfort for only 25c. Knowing we have adopted a Name which carries great weight when it is Solid, and believing Comfort is what every one in the world is after, we will send our Crumbs out 12 months for only 25c. without Premiums, 12 Numbers of which will surely give you Solid Comfort for the whole year and we shall endeavor to cater so much to the Comfort of mankind that any one receiving a Copy will become a life member to our Subscription list. We trust we may hear from all our friends and learn how they each consider the best way for taking Comfort and we hope to furnish them many hints for happiness. There are thousands of papers published in the country, but none like "Comfort," and no matter how many Periodicals you are taking, you will surely want to Take Comfort, and also get up Clubs so your friends may take it and you receive some of the Premiums for your trouble. Remember the only way to Take Comfort is To Get Comfort for a whole year.



#### IT PAYS.

We'd like your attention  
Awhile, just to mention  
A fact which all people should know,  
A fact without vapour  
Concerning this paper,  
And the way it continues to grow.  
Its four million readers  
Are certainly heeders  
Of everything that it says,  
And that is just why, sirs,  
We tell advertisers—  
If you put it in "Comfort" it pays!  
Wherever you're dwelling,  
Whatever you're selling,  
No matter at what price 'tis sold,  
Either dollar or penny,  
Good customers many  
Through "Comfort" you're sure to behold.  
And that is the reason  
Through every season  
That "Comfort" receives so much praise,  
Advertisers who're "in it"  
Will tell you this minute  
If you put it in "Comfort" it pays!

#### EDITOR'S TABLE.

#### COMFORTABLE TALKS ABOUT MATTERS AND THINGS.

##### SUPERSTITION.

Human happiness is of such brief duration and we hold it by so slight a tenure that one should not be eager to do or say the least thing to rob a fellow creature of the satisfaction which he or she may draw from the harmless delusions of life. Who does not look back with a sigh to the days of his childhood when he put the shell to his ear and believed that he heard the low murmur of the ocean, when he still had faith in the sandman who makes children sleep, in the angels that wrote on the frosty panes, in good fairies and bad ones, in Santa Claus who filled the stockings at Christmas, in the necessity of crying "God bless you" when anyone sneezed, in the existence of the bogie man who so disliked naughty children, in the certainty of rain if pussy washed above her ears or of war if the locusts bore the letter W on their backs? It would almost seem as if man were born with this love of the mysterious, that from his very cradle the supernatural

possessed a peculiar fascination for him and that he took delight in contemplating anything strange and inexplicable. Such a hold do these first faint perceptions of the mystery surrounding life take upon the minds of children that it is almost safe to say that no human being ever attained manhood or womanhood without having the mind to some slight degree tainted with superstition.

Two thousand years ago, standing in the midst of Mars Hill at Athens, then the splendid centre of art and literature, Paul cried out to the Athenians: "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious!" If it were possible for the great apostle to walk the earth to-day and mingle with men and women as they are, he would be tempted to cry out again, but thanks to the sublime faith for which he so bravely battled, he would not be justified in speaking quite so harshly; and yet he might say with a quiet smile: Men and brethren, I perceive that in many things, very many things, ye are given to foolish superstition, that ye will not sit down to meat with thirteen at table, that ye will not go of a journey on Friday, that ye seek for the new moon over your right shoulder, that ye reach to touch the raiment of a hunchback for luck as ye term it, that ye fail not to throw a pinch of spilt salt over your left shoulder, that ye nail horseshoes over your doors to exclude evil spirits, that ye delight in lucky pennies, that ye will neither ask or give in marriage on Monday, that ye will not send a child to school for the first time on Wednesday lest he never learn to read, because on Wednesday it was that Judas betrayed our dear Master, that ye wait till Friday to cut your hair and nails and that you will not lay your linen out on Saturday lest it remain forever brown!

The superstitions of the middle ages were as horrible and repulsive as those of our day and generation are innocent and harmless. In the dark ages, the people were awed, oppressed and brutalized by such degrading beliefs as the were-wolf and the vampire, to say nothing of the widespread belief in witches—a belief which in Scotland alone, from first to last resulted in the putting to death of 4,000 people. In 1520 fires for the burning of witches blazed in every town of France. The horrible superstition of the transformation of men into werewolves or "man wolves," who thereupon became endowed with wolfish instincts and appetites including an insatiable appetite for human flesh need not be described here. Nor any more is it necessary to set down in details of the belief in vampires—blood sucking ghosts, which leave their graves by the light of the moon and in the forms of spiders, frogs, toads, cats, dogs, etc., suck the blood from living people. Let us rather turn to the more or less harmless superstitions of the age in which we live, to lucky numbers for instance, the belief in which owes its origin to the recurrence of these numbers in holy writ. Three, four, seven, forty belong to this category. The choice of number three is due to there being three persons in the Trinity, to the three days passed by Jonah in the whale's body, to the three blows given by Balaam to his ass, to the three times Peter denied his Master, and to the resurrection of our Saviour on the third day. There are also three fates, three furies, and three Christian virtues, faith, hope and charity. As to the number four, there are four elements and four evangelists. The seven is a favorite because God created the world in seven days, and because the temple was seven years building and there were seven lamps and seven golden candlesticks before the throne of God. The number forty of course owes its popularity to the fact that the Israelites were forty years in the wilderness. On the other hand, the number thirteen has always had a most unsavory reputation. Although a witty French writer has said that there is no reason to apprehend any difficulty from having thirteen at table except when there is only enough to eat for twelve, yet many guests would fly with horror from a table set for thirteen, so firmly rooted is the superstition that one would surely die within a twelvemonth. The statement has been corroborated in our daily journals that no engineers could be induced to take charge of a certain locomotive numbered 1313, which first killed two children, then jumped the track causing twelve more deaths and the destruction of the train. Having been repaired it added to its list of misdeeds first by colliding with a freight train and shortly after by bursting its boiler. It was again repaired but no engineer could be induced to enter it.

In spite of the spread of education due to the efforts of pulpit, press and common school, there seems to be no lessening the people's affection for the petty superstitions that have for so many centuries entered into the very weft of home life. A broken mirror means seven years of bad luck; when the fire roars in the chimney look out for bad news; when the dog howls expect death; when the hinges of the door creak it signifies that hard times are coming. Beware of an overturned salt cellar or of two knives crossed. A laugh on Friday means a sigh on Sunday. No clothes must be brushed after dark nor must an umbrella be raised indoors. A stocking put on unconsciously inside out is a sure sign of good luck, so too is a sight of the new moon over one's right shoulder. The presence of a snake in the house is a good sign; but the flight of a bird against the window a very bad one. Tuesday is robber's day and a theft committed on that day will escape punishment. A more serious superstition, but one now quite passed out of existence, is the supposed cure of scrofulous diseases by the royal touch. On Easter Sunday, 1686, Louis XIV touched sixteen hundred persons, saying to each: "The King touches thee, may God cure thee!" Hence the name of the king's evil given to such ailments. The English kings and queens down to the house of Brunswick touched vast numbers of people.

A few years ago a small body of reformers in this country determined to attempt to check the growth of superstition and to labor for its extinction. To this end they formed and advocated the formation of "Thirteen Clubs" which organizations were openly, boldly and notoriously to violate all faith in lucky and unlucky numbers, and steadily and studiously to do and leave undone every possible thing to bring discredit upon these popular notions, so ancient and so firmly fixed in the people's minds. To this end the "Thirteen Club" always dined on Friday, with thirteen at table. The coffin-shaped salt cellars were freely overturned, knives were crossed, etc. More than this, the judges of the courts throughout the land were petitioned to put an end to hangman's day and a few magistrates were found who were bold enough to sentence a criminal to die on some other day than Friday. But the Thirteen Club has failed of its purpose. The petty superstitions have not been given up. And someone has even gone so far as to maintain that it would be unwise to give them up—that they represent in fact, the gropings of the untutored mind after the infinite, that they are a solace and a comfort to the people, whose lives they brighten. Another argument has been put forward that superstitions make life picturesque and poetic, and that it would be unwise to destroy them as it would to clear the attic of the bundles of dried herbs, or strip



One of the members has asked me to explain the meaning of the *nom de plume* which I have adopted. It is a Japanese word, meaning "Man-with-glasses," and was given me while on my travels through the Mikado's kingdom; and on account of its oddity, I chose it as my pen name.

Answers to the questions in Sept. number have been sent in by Ina C. Haddock as follows:

1. Britons.
2. Notes on the War in Gaul, by Julius Caesar.
3. They were simple, rude, but in a way warlike, brave and chivalrous.
4. The Druids had charge of all matters of religion, and were held in high honor by the people.
5. Julius Caesar.
6. After Caesar, Plantus won many battles, also Ostorius. The Romans were generally successful until the piratical Saxons swooped down upon them.
8. 597 A.D., by King Ethelbert, through the influence of his queen Bertha.
9. Bronze helmets and battle axes of Roman workmanship, funeral urns and household utensils, and many coins bearing effigies of Roman emperors.
10. Scarcely a trace.

I should like more complete answers to questions 2, 3, 6, 8 and 9. Have the members anything to say about the correctness of the answer given to No. 6?

No. 7 is as yet unanswered. Who will speak of Roman Influence in Britain?

In the list of books which I recommended to you in Sept., the one by Freeman is "History of the Norman Conquest," not "Woman," as the type-setter made me say.

We will now have a short essay by William Hogan on the

#### DRUIDS.

At the time of the Roman invasion, England was inhabited by a people, the priests of whom, were known as Druids. Burton in his history of Scotland, says: "Those who have gone into the causes of druidism, attribute its vast power and mysterious influence, to the special proneness of the Celtic tribes, to subject themselves to the influence of some priesthood."

The word Druid is supposed to have been derived from "De" God, and "rouyd" speaking. It would, therefore, seem to signify those who speak of or for God.

The Druids had full control over the education of youths, and since these priests were recognized as nobles, and were exempt from carrying arms, all the youths aspired to the honor; being also the repositories of the venerable traditions of the past and the recipients of all recent knowledge, their rank and influence was manifested to the eyes of the people by imposing ceremonies and awful sacrifices.

The Druids taught the existence of one God, to whom they gave a name "Be'el" which is believed to have meant "the life of everything," or "the source of all beings." The principal characteristics of Druidism were: The belief in one Supreme Being; in the immortality of the soul; and a future state of rewards and punishments; they also believed in metempsychosis, or the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul.

The loyalty of the land was their leading motive, and the bards inspired the warriors during the time of battle, with such tunes as led them on to victory.

We are told that they were so devoted to nature that they prohibited the use of tools in the construction of their rude works.

Clad in robes of white and wearing ornaments of gold, in the depths of the forest they celebrated their mystic rites. Whatever grew on the oak they prized, but above all, the mistletoe, to which they gave the name signifying "All Heal." On the occasion of finding the mistletoe, two white bulls were sacrificed. Often they sacrificed human beings, and from the way they fell, the priests judged of the wrath or good will of the gods. The instrument of torture in the sacrifice of human beings, was a golden sickle.

There were some Druidesses who foretold events. It is said that the Emperor Diocletian met one of these in a tavern in Germany. She predicted to him that he should be Emperor after he had slain Aper. Though he slew many an aper, the result only came about when he stabbed Arrius Aper, whom he accused of murdering the Emperor Numerian.

One of their principal charms was the anguemen or snake's egg. It is thus described by Pliny: "It is about the size of a moderately large round apple, and has a cartilaginous rind, studded with cavities like those on the arms of a polypus."

It was supposed to be produced from the saliva of a number of angry serpents, who tossed it into the air. The fortunate Druid, who was present, caught it in his sagum as it fell, and then rode off at full speed on his horse, which was generally in waiting. The serpents pursued him, until they were stopped by a running stream. This egg was largely used as a medicinal charm.

Augustus denounced the religion of the Druids, and Claudius extinguished it; but the Druids as they were, seemed to have survived, for Tacitus speaks of them, in Mona.

These, instead of being regarded with awe and veneration commensurate with their high endowments, have always been despised as inferior, and despectively treated accordingly.

I shall give no more questions this month, and we will pursue the study of this period of English history until the end of the year, when we will pass to the second period, The Saxon Age. Send name and age to the historian for membership.

I have an interesting essay on hand which was sent in some time ago, in answer to a question, and will close the column with that.

#### BATTLE OF MONMOUTH COURT-HOUSE.

During the winter of 1787-8, the American army under the command of Gen. George Washington was encamped, if I mistake not, in Pennsylvania at a place called Valley Forge; while the British army under Sir William Howe was quartered in Philadelphia.

The British government not being satisfied with the course of Sir Wm. Howe, he was removed from his command on the 11th of May, 1788, and replaced by Sir Henry Clinton. Soon

after Clinton assumed the command he received a communication from his government, informing him that a large French fleet had sailed for America, and might be expected on the coast at any moment, and ordering him to concentrate his entire force at New York, as that was the place most liable to an attack. Having sent his disabled men and stores around by sea, he withdrew from Philadelphia on June the 18th, crossed the Delaware, and began his march toward New York.

Washington, learning of Clinton's movement, quitted his camp on the 24th, crossed the Delaware, and followed in pursuit of the British. He soon came up with them; and after holding a council of war, determined to bring them to a general engagement at once. Accordingly, on June 27, Washington sent Lafayette, with two thousand men, to confine the enemy to the plains, by occupying the hills in the vicinity of Monmouth Court-house.

On the 28th of June he sent Charles Lee, with two brigades, to join Lafayette and attack the enemy at once. When Lee came up with Lafayette, instead of being content with his own command, he demanded and obtained authority over the entire advance force, and continued the advance toward the enemy. When Clinton learned of Lee's movement, he immediately wheeled his rear in position, and opened fire upon Lee, who was soon forced to withdraw. His orders having been misunderstood by some of his subordinates, an open retreat was begun by a part of the right flank. In the excitement, Lee neglected to inform the commander-in-chief, who was coming up with the main body, of his movement; and, seeing the men falling back in disorder, and that unnecessarily, Washington suspected that the whole movement had been ordered to ruin the plan of battle.

Washington hastened forward till he met Lee, and demanded sternly: "What is the meaning of all this, sir?" After some moments of agitation, Lee reluctantly answered, that the retreat was contrary to his orders, but that he did not intend to encounter the entire British army. "I am sorry," replied Washington, "that you undertook the command unless you meant to fight the enemy." Lee then replied haughtily that he did not think it prudent to bring on a general engagement. To this Washington answered sternly: "Whatever your opinion may have been, I expected my orders to be obeyed."

Seeing that something must be done immediately Washington reformed the fugitives on a hill and hurried the main body forward to their support. The enemy soon appeared and attempted to dislodge them, but failed; they then made an effort to turn the left flank, but this also was unsuccessful. The battle lasted until nightfall; during the night Clinton withdrew from the field and continued his retreat. The British loss in the engagement was about three hundred; the American about two hundred.

For his disobedience and disrespect to the commander-in-chief, Lee was suspended from his rank for one year. About the close of his term of punishment, he addressed an insulting letter to Congress, for which he was dismissed from the military service. He died a few years later in Philadelphia.

JOHN A. TAYLOR,

Clarkton, Bladen Co., N. C.

Address all letters to the historian,  
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the poor man's walls of the crude pictures which adorn them, or the peasant's hut of its thatch.

If these petty superstitions are ever to be chased out of the humble homes in which they have so long found a refuge and a welcome, Paul's method will be the one to do it—to wit a perfect and childlike acceptance of the Christian faith. Then these little helps to happiness will be supplanted by such a full and complete trust that there will no longer be any need of signs, any anxious watching for promises of good luck or threats of bad. As Paul said to the learned Athenians: "Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you!" Accept this declaration and there will be no need of signs, omens and portents. Perfect confidence, like perfect love, will cast out all fear. Paul, unlike the members of the Thirteen Club, was too deep a philosopher to attempt to cure the superstitions of his day by ridiculing them, for he knew that it was quite possible for the greatest philosophers to be the most superstitious of men. The world has given up studying the stars to draw horoscopes, just as at an earlier age it gave up studying the entrails of animals in order to take up the study of astrology, and so in good time there will be no longer any dread of the number thirteen and hangman's day will cease to exist. Slow though it may be, there is a steady and constant progress, upward and onward, towards more correct views of life. Man has had to unlearn many things before his mind was in a condition to feed upon, digest and assimilate truth. All that is needful is patience and an increased confidence in humanity. The home, the fireside is the place to inculcate these so-called homely virtues. The country must exert itself to undo that distrust of each other which large cities engender in our hearts. A man may live in a city of fifty thousand inhabitants and yet not know his next door neighbors. It's a bad sign.

COMFORT has now reached the enormous circulation of over nine hundred thousand, and as about five persons read each paper that goes into a family, this number will be read by nearly five millions people, or one in every 12 of the inhabitants of the U. S. As COMFORT is for all, we are very desirous of having everybody obtain a copy, therefore ask you (if it is not convenient to get up a club) to get at least one new subscriber this month for this popular monthly. Now as we want to start the New Year with a round million on our list, we have decided to offer those not working for a Club, the Jewel Song and Music Book free for every year 25c. subscription received this month. Many sell these books for much more than the subscription amounts to, as there are dozens and dozens of pieces in them that alone cost 25c. at the stores.





**SOMETHING FOR MOTHERS TO READ.**

May I be one to comply with a request recently made in your column, and give some hints for the benefit of mothers on the training of children? It is a poor sign for a mother to say, "I cannot make my children children." When they begin early, and show the child, "in season or out of season," that their will is law to it. Be kind, but be firm. Do not tell a child, when it is naughty, "God will not love you." Familiarity breeds contempt, and in nine cases out of ten, this threat loses its virtue very soon. Rather say that its friends will not love it, and have some little expressions of disapproval on each of its every occasion, that the Golden Rule is the rule of life—to do unto others as it would be done by. I think, as a general thing, it is a mistaken idea for mothers to scold and whip. Talk to the children. Explain what is right, teach them to do right, and insist that they do right. Do not scold or punish if they cannot follow in the track of wrong doing. Children work for rewards: there are not many, when very young, will choose the right path because it is right.







## THE LYNDON HOUSE.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.

### CHAPTER IV.

Lyndon House contained many rooms which were seldom used. Breakfast room was in the third story, and she was the only inmate of the house who slept on that floor. She was a peculiar woman—solitude had an especial charm for her, and she could retreat to her gloomy chamber with a feeling of satisfaction that, remain there as long as she chose, she was not likely to be disturbed by the least sound.

Her room was hung with time-worn tapestry which was so arranged as to conceal a door leading to a large room with no windows. The existence of this room was known only to Mrs. Lyndon and her daughter, and a few of the older servants.

Ernestine loved Harold Leighton with a mad, unreasonable passion of which few would have thought her capable, and she did not intend for him to marry her niece if she could prevent it. She plotted and planned with a shrewdness which surprised her mother. At the close of a dark, dreary October day Olive was oppressed with a feeling of restless foreboding of evil, and she went down to tea unable to shake off the gloom of her heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Must have suitable FOOD to enable them to perform properly their important functions, and as all MEDICINES have proved lamentably inadequate to the demands of those overtaxed and delicate little organs,—well known to be the life-springs of all vital action,—which

ern all portions of our physical organisms, lasting in its spasmodic

for the COMPOUNDS, and necessarily followed by a commensurate reaction—something else, I claim, in fact an actual

**FOOD IS DEMANDED,**

In order that the nerves may receive their share of nourishment with the other members, and the equilibrium of the whole system thus be restored.

CAREFUL EXPERIMENTATION and profound research have at last been rewarded by the discovery of this truly

**Wonderful Food for the Nerves,**

which contains, in addition to the valuable vegetable tonics and regulatives, the laxative and soothing properties of a famous MINERAL SPRING water found in this vicinity; also the

**Invaluable Strengthening and Nourishing Properties of Liebig's Extract of Beef.**

which last, we believe, has not been compounded with any other like preparation in the market.

While all other compounds in the market rely on stimulants exclusively, being vegetable, ours exerts the regulative influence of the NATURAL SPRING WATER, and

All others rely on stimulation only, which at best is but temporary in its action, and is always followed by a correspondingly depressing reaction; but

thus giving our product a rightful claim to the title of a FOOD for the NERVES which none other has.

As the effects of our Food for the Nerves is CONSTITUTIONAL, you must not expect that the taking of one, or even a dozen doses will effect

a cure; but the regular, faithful and persistent use for a few weeks will be attended with BENEFICIAL RESULTS, and the continued use will effect a

**PERMANENT CURE.**

by removing the deep-seated cause of disease

**THE BRAIN,**

Besides serving as the THRONE OF REASON, and the material organ through which the mysterious faculties of the mind work, is the great source and center of all vital animation.

Not only is but every motion of our body derives its primal impulse from this source, and even the IN-VOLUNTARY action of all the vital organs is sustained

and regulated by NERVE FORCE from the Brain. It is not surprising then that exhaustion of the brain by excessive mental exertion should manifest itself in a general debility and weariness of the whole system; and though less apparent, it is equally true, that many diseases supposed to be purely local have their origin in an unhealthy condition of the brain and spinal cord brought about by physical excesses.

This is due to the fact that the brain, when in a debilitated or exhausted condition from various causes, is unable to supply the necessary resulting in what appears to be a local disorder. And it has been found by practical experience that even very many of the worst cases of

**Nerve Force to the Vital Organs**

**Kidney, Liver, Stomach,**

**LUNG, HEART, BRONCHIAL AND CATARRHAL TROUBLES,** after all other remedies had failed, have been entirely eradicated by building up the Nervous System and restoring to the brain its lost power and vigor, simply by the use of our wonderful FOOD for the NERVES. The most wonderful instances of this are seen in Chronic cases.

**"Have you a lack of youthful vigor?"**

Has too close Application to Business in pursuit of the ALMIGHTY DOLLAR, given you wealth of gold and poverty of health, together with the decay of premature old age?

Has Slavery to Fashion or Over-Indulgence in Social Gaities, or the burdens and worriments of motherhood exhausted your strength, bringing on nervous prostration and left you the mere shadow of your former self, or has some CONGENITAL INFIRMITY rendered your life miserable from its beginning, and blasted your hope of posterity?

Are you troubled with a "cleanness, Weakness, Dizziness or Lassitude?"

Do you lack Firmness, or have Insufficient Strength, Palpitation of the Heart, Aching Loins or Rheumatism?

Was Scrofula, or a Freckly Liver-mole Skin given you as a birthright?

THEN OUR FOOD IS DEMANDED in your case, as it is for Neuritis, Defect of Taste, Smell or Hearing, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Constipation, Backache, General Debility, CONSUMPTION, and all kindred complaints.

**BE ASSURED**

That health is still within your reach, and you may again resume the duties and joys of life by building up and restoring your famished and depleted Nerve Power, by the use of our FOOD. Feed your impoverished and HUNGRY NERVES with the rich nourishment contained in our highly concentrated food, as thousands before you have done, which our many testimonials will abundantly prove.

Food is put up in COMPRESSED TABLET FORM, to be more convenient for use and for sending by mail or express any great distance, coming in 35c. and \$1.00 Boxes. GIANT BOXES, size 5x5 inches, containing over 119 doses, only \$1.00, postpaid. Sample Box sent FREE for 10c. mailing.

THOUSANDS OF LETTERS containing kind words and Loud Praises can be shown at our office.

**AGENTS WANTED.**

Parties now making \$5 and \$10 a day easily. Write for special terms at once. Address

GIANT OXIE CO., Augusta, Maine.

**DR. HOBBS' LITTLE**

**\$500.00 IN GOLD**

**IF YOU GUESS THIS REBUS.**

Which is the name of a practice causing more misery, ruin and despair than anything else in the world. **WHAT IS IT?** We will give the first person sending us a correct answer on or before Dec. 31st, 1891, \$100 in Gold; to sender of the next correct answer, \$50; to the third, \$25; and to the sender of the next 15 correct answers \$5 each. The sender of the last correct answer will receive \$100 in Gold; the next to the last \$50; the next, \$25; and the next 15 (should there be so many) \$5 each. Address **HOBBS' MEDICINE CO., Cor. Dearborn & Harrison Sts., Chicago, Ill.**

**FREE** **FREE!** **WESTERN MUSIC CO., 220 Cedar Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

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**FREE** **FREE!** **WESTERN MUSIC CO., 220 Cedar Ave., Chicago, Ill.**









To us my young friends comes this most beautiful of all months, November. The one fullest of lessons for us here, as well as hereafter. Can one of us look out of our windows this charming weather and not offer a silent word in praise of the all-wise Deity who forms these wonderful seasons and makes these grand changes in such a quiet mysterious way? July with its heat and outdoor work for some. Its vacations and ramblings for others, was full of pleasure for all, for in all this we looked forward to the gathering of the harvests and the happy meetings in August, when all had returned from their wanderings and were full of anecdote and reminiscence gleaned during their absence. Then came charming September with the gathering of the ripened fruit and threshing of the well dried grain, and the making of plans for the long winter evenings so soon to follow, and all this followed by grand October the tenth child of the good year '91, when the first fairy touches of Jack Frost called to mind the change of summer into fall and the beautiful green drapery of nature was dyed by some unseen force into the many varied hues so much loved by us all, especially in localities where the evergreens abound in this work of nature more fully and deeply contrasted, the crimson, the gold, and the green, harmonizing to such an extent as to appear to be the prismatic effect of the bright sun upon the straggling rain drops, as we see them when our God given bow of promise is brought out on the clouds. How I wish I could picture the magnificent view from my window this November morning, so that all of you could in a measure enjoy it with me. Your old uncle's home being on a hill on the east bank of the superbly beautiful Keenebec river, commanding a full view of its many windings between the verdure clad hills which form its banks on either side for many miles, (as you know we have five valleys in Maine). It almost reminds me of descriptions of Rome and its seven hills. At the southwest corner of this picture lies the grand old State House with its magnificent grounds presented to the State many years ago by a prominent and wealthy citizen, immediately adjoining these grounds lies the home of Mr. Blaine, America's greatest statesman, in the distance to the west the grand residence of a wealthy citizen, which he has named "Glen Mere," a little further to the north and west the "silent city of the dead" so appropriately named "Forest Grove," as it is a dense natural forest of sturdy oaks and elms. Far above this on the summit of this almost mountain lies the future home of the owner of COMFORT, where it is the sincere hope of his unnumbered host of friends, that he may pass many happy years in solid comfort, enjoying the fruits of his endeavors to give to his more than a million readers, a paper which is so much enjoyed by young and old, beyond this to the north lies the highest point of land in this vicinity, on which is situated Fuller Observatory, over one hundred feet high and supplied with fine telescopes and binoculars, affording great pleasure to the citizens and visitors in viewing the surrounding country for many miles, and a little further on situated on a gradually sloping hillside is what is known as the "Alma house," but I do not believe if Will Carleton's heroine of "Over the hills to the poor house" had been wending her way to this haven of rest, presided over by two such noble persons as our Mr. and Mrs. Waldron, she could possibly have felt as bad as is represented in the poem. As your eye approaches the river you get a view of the enormous cotton mills of the Edwards Company, where thousands of people find employment at all seasons of the year. And this picture this morning has sufficient coloring placed there by the Divine hand to give it tone and make it very attractive. Many speak of November as the Death month, for then the leaves fall and the work of the destroyer is seen on every hand, but should we not rather take this beautiful lesson as a reminder of that transition from this life to the life eternal, where in the glorious spring of the hereafter we shall come forth as new beings on that shore whose beauties are as far greater than this, as heaven is higher than the earth.

I have been asked so many times to give a description of our lovely hillside city, that I will some day go to the top of Oak hill and give you a panoramic view of its beauties on the east side of the river.

I have had many responses to the letter correcting contest and while some few are not as good as I think the different writers could have made them, all show a desire to carry on this very interesting work, and I have decided not to give the letters to the Judges until about the 3d of November, thereby getting all letters which should come into the contest although written on the last day of October, hence their decision will not appear until the December number. Will you all join hands with me now on a new trial of your skill as letter writers? In the first trial I furnished the subject, in the second the whole letter for you to correct and now I am going to offer a beautiful cloth bound, gilt embossed book, giving a full history of the "Lives of our Presidents" from Washington to the present day, for the best written and composed letter received by me before January 1st, 1892, giving me a minute and full description of how the writer would entertain at his own home a party of a dozen young ladies and gentlemen for two hours, between the ages of 14 and 20 years. And in the January number of COMFORT I will give sketches from one letter from each locality, North, South, East and West, thus by the enormous circulation of COMFORT, giving all an opportunity of learning much regarding the manners and customs of our friends in the different sections of our great republic.

I will be pleased to hear from thousands of my young friends and thus become more intimately acquainted with you, and you will become in a measure better friends with each other. Enter these contests with an earnest

desire to gain the prize and the labor will be one of lasting benefit to you. All contestants must be subscribers to COMFORT and under 20 years of age. And as of course a few will receive sample copies and read the above with interest I advise them to at once send the publishers twenty-five cents, the price of a year's subscription and enter the list, as new features are constantly being added to COMFORT, and I am sure it is destined to be the leading family paper in the United States.

I have a letter from one young man who has lost his courage as he terms it. His father is dead and he and his mother are left to fight life's battle alone. He is fourteen years old and does not know what to do.

Well, in the first place dear boy make a resolve to win that battle and stand firmly to that resolution. Don't waver. I know you are young, and everything looks dark, but be brave and you will surely win. I know you have a good mother, then why not look upon that as the best gift possible to be received from the hand of God. Tell her all your troubles and in the fullness of her heart you will be her first care. Work hard at whatever is given you to do. Be always obedient and mannerly towards your superiors, gentlemen and courteous with your equals, and never overbearing to your inferiors, thus giving all with whom you come in contact, a cause to love and respect you. Take all things as they come in life bravely and strongly; if uncertainties come into it meet them with quiet courage and good cheer. Above all, keep heart and hand in your work and trust your future to that Divine Providence which has ordered the falling of every sparrow, and I feel sure you will make a worthy man.

Harry C. D., Metuchen, N. J.

Will you allow me to give you a short lecture on street manners? as I judge by your letter that yours are not the best.

The crusade against bad manners has taken such a hold of the public mind, that an infringement of good manners causes a self-conscious look on the face of every offender, unless he has lost the power of sensation except on the brute side. In Philadelphia a street railway company has prohibited spitting in its cars, and this innovation might well be followed by many other corporations the country over. Never speak to a lady friend on the street without raising your hat or cap gracefully. If you smoke never allow your cigar or pipe to remain in your mouth when you meet a lady, whether she be an acquaintance or not. Never allow yourself to walk behind one or more ladies on the street if you have room to pass them, in crossing a muddy street if you meet a lady give her the most and best of the crossing, even if you get your boots muddy by so doing, and if any of you want a few more hints on this matter write me enclosing stamp and I will give you a private letter in return.

Mary A. D., Omaha, Neb.

General Jno. C. Fremont died in New York City, Sunday, July 13th, 1890. He was a man of indefatigable energy, and of strong personal magnetism, although too independent to work well as a subordinate. The name "Pathfinder" was given him when but thirty years old, in honor of his remarkable discoveries and explorations in the Rocky Mountains, which were carried on amid the severest hardships. He was appointed Governor of California by Commodore Stockton, and for accepting the office he was court-martialed. Though pardoned by the President he refused to retain his commission.

Florence N., Rutan, C. A.

There was finished I believe in 1890 a new aqueduct to carry water into New York City with a capacity of 300,000,000 gallons daily in addition to the Croton aqueduct which has been in use for several years. The cost of the new structure was nearly \$25,000,000.

Answering F. D. L. and several others I will give my reckoning on the matter which is the subject of their trouble. The year One was the first year of the first century, the year 100 was the hundredth and last year of the first century, the year 101 was the first year of the second century, the year 200 the last year of the second century, so the year 1801 was the first year of the 19th century, and the year 1900 will be the last year of this century, and the year 1901 will be the first year of the 20th century.

Harold J. K., Memphis, Tenn.

My first words of advice to you regarding your change in business is this, do not change unless you are going to materially better yourself. Keep the old position if you are doing well, and the firm is on a solid foundation. I have watched the career of many young men in my life and I find the chief difference between the successful and the failures lies in the single element of staying power. A few more dollars for a short time will not balance a permanent salary although it may not be a large one.

The new version of the old adage "Never put off till to-morrow that which can be done to-day" is "Never do to-day that which can be put off till to-morrow," and I am sorry to say that one of my young friends has written me asking if I do not think it is an improvement over the old. Most emphatically No, especially in the case of a disagreeable thing which must be done. If you refuse to do it entirely, it is not so bad as to procrastinate, and to keep putting it off will cause it to haunt you until it is done. It is always the shortest cut to push right through anything which we are dreading, and remember that it is only the shirks and put-offs in this world who are discontented.

In conclusion I want to thank all who have written me since our last meeting, for their letters and kind words, and I trust I shall make the acquaintance of many more of you before the Christmas number comes out. Do not be bashful, but enter the letter contests and become acquainted with Your

UNCLE JOSEPHUS, (Care of COMFORT.)

SEND for Goodspeed's Catalog of Rare Book, Tricks, Fads and Agents Goods. A. R. GOODSPEED, Dwight, Ill.

**FREE.** A handsome catalogue of watches, chains and rings if you cut this out and send to W. SIMPSON, 37 College Place, New York.

**Perfection** Cake Tins, loose bottoms. Cakes removed without breaking. Steady paying business for good agents. Sample Set 30c. Richardson Mfg. Co., Bath, N. Y.

**DYSPEPSIA** New, Certain Cure. Trial package free. F. A. STUART, Marshall, Mich.

SEND A SLIP OF PAPER the size of your finger and 10 cents in silver for postage, and I will mail you one of these Solid Gold and Silver Rings and my large Illustrated Catalogue of Rings, Embroidered and Novelty, for Agents to sell. \$1.00 an hour can easily be made selling these goods. Address at once to CHAS. E. MARSHALL, Lockport, N. Y.

**FREE** THE NEW AMERICAN MUSICAL BOX. Will Play 100 TUNES. To introduce them, one in every County or town furnished reliable persons (either sex) who will promise to show the box to all who ask. For full particulars, send a 3x5 card to F. A. STUART, Marshall, Mich. Please mention COMFORT when you write.

**NEW PROCESS DOG BISCUIT** is entirely different from all others. Does not cause diarrhea. Dogs eat it in preference to other brands, and it costs no more. It contains found for pound twice the nutritive qualities of any other brand. Send for free book on management of dogs in health and disease. Retail price 10c. per lb. (Freight extra.) Samples sent by mail for 5c. BIRD FOOD CO., No. 400 N. Third St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**WALL PAPER** LARGE VARIETY. LATEST STYLES. AT FACTORY PRICES. BEST QUALITY, WITHOUT GOLD. 4c. to 5c. PER ROLL. Gold Paper, 8c. to 10c. PER ROLL. FINEST EMBOSSED PAPER, 15c. to 30c. PER ROLL. SAMPLES SENT FREE. OOMO PAPER CO., 57 Third Ave., Chicago.

**A BIRTHDAY PRESENT.** Rich and Elegant Ring or Breast Pin sent Free. A different Gem for each month. Amethyst, Diamond, Emerald, Garnet, Hyacinth, Moonstone, Opal, Pearl, Ruby, Sapphire, Topaz, Turquoise. Send address, with size of finger and Birthday Month. We want you to show it to change it each month. Agent. We require an Agent in every City and Town, and make this liberal offer to introduce these Rings and Pins, which are entirely new and novel. In thing on the market sells like them. Write at once. Natal Jewel Co., P. O. Box 2808, New York City.

**\$80. PER MONTH** To live and wide awake salesmen in every county in the U. S. Yearly salary agreements on the best selling goods manufactured. Enclose stamp for complete terms and conditions. No experience necessary. Address, HILL, WHITNEY & CO., No. 105 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.

**ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL.** THIS NEW **EGGLESTON'S ELASTIC TRUSS** Has a Pad different from all other trusses. It is a Self-adjusting Ball in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body, while the ball in the cup presses back the intestines just as a person's hand is held securely day and night, and a radical cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free. EGGLESTON TRUSS CO., Chicago, Ill.

**LOVELY WOMEN!** How can you tolerate Freckles, Pimples, Blackheads, Yellow or Muddy Skin, Moth Wrinkles, Red Nose, or any other form of skin blemish, when by using DR. BOTTON'S COMPLEXION WAFERS you can certainly possess a Beautiful Form, Brilliant Eyes, and Skin of Pearly Whiteness? They restore the "Bloom of Health" and "Loveliness" to the faded cheeks. They are for Men as well as for Women. Perfectly harmless. Sent by mail in plain wrappers. Price, 50 cents and \$1. Sealed particulars free. Agents wanted everywhere. CAPITAL DRUG CO., BOX 40, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

**AGENTS WANTED. THIS WATCH FREE.** This is a correct picture of the watch we offer. It is warranted a good timekeeper. Fine nickel-plated case, the face protected by a heavy bevel glass crystal. The works are Swiss made. Finely jeweled. It has an entirely new patent winding arrangement found in no other watch. No key required. It keeps as good time as watches costing \$25 to \$50. Is not a toy or Waterbury. OUR OFFER We will send 1,000 Watches free every month to 1,000 persons answering this advertisement who will help us extend the circulation of our Magazine. If you want a watch send us names of 20 readers, only one of a family, and 25 cents to pay for the Magazine one year central. Ad. National Illustrated Magazine, Washington, D. C.

**FREE** We will print your name in our MAIL LIST, which we send to PUBLISHERS all over the U. S. You will get Hundreds of sample copies of Newspapers, Story Papers, Magazines, Books, Novels, etc., FREE. You will get an abundance of the best reading matter sent to you. We send you one paper one year on trial. Our paper contains interesting stories of Love, Romance, Detective & Adventure and will surely please you. Wrap the dime in paper when you put it in envelope and it will come safely. This advertisement is honest and straightforward in every word it contains. Invite you to deal with me and you will find everything as represented. Enclose one dime in a letter to-day. Address ALLEN W. WARD, Publisher, B. 500, Avon, N. Y. If you will get a friend to send with you, I will promptly send each of you a Package of nice white envelopes free. [This firm is reliable and will do as they agree.—Ed. X.]

**THE DOLLAR TYPEWRITER** THIS IS THE TYPE USED: ABCDEFGHI \$1. A perfect and practical Type Writing machine for only ONE DOLLAR. Exactly like cut; regular Remington type; does the same quality of work; takes a fool's cap sheet. Complete with paper holder, automatic feed, metal type wheel & taking roll. It is manifold & uses copying ink in fact does all the work of a \$100 machine, speed, 15 to 25 words a minute. Size, 3x4x9 inches; weight, 12 lbs. MENTION THIS PAPER. Satisfaction guaranteed. Circulars free. AGENTS WANTED. Sent by express for \$1.00; by mail, 15c extra for postage. R. H. INGENROLL & BRO., 65 Cortland St., N. Y. City.

**DUBERTY HILL: He pays the Express.** One Year Trial FREE. Genuine Dubert, solid silver, full engraved watch, guaranteed to wear and keep its color equal to gold for 20 years, as equalled in appearance, and perfect as a timekeeper. Cuts down back of case. The engraved watch is a marvel of perfection and cannot be duplicated elsewhere in the world for less than three times our price. The Dubert is our own special full plate ruby jeweled watch, celebrated for its handsome appearance and perfect time-keeping qualities. Many watches are sold at \$12.00 that will give no better results than this, and we guarantee this every respect. We send with each watch a printed agreement giving you the privilege to return it any time within one year if it does not give perfect satisfaction. Cut this out and send it with your order and we will ship it to you by express. O. D. If on examination at the express office you find it as represented pay the express agent the amount, \$3.97 or \$4.00, we paying duties, and tell yours, otherwise you pay nothing and it will be returned at our expense. Address: W. HILL & CO., Wholesale Jewelers, 111 Madison St., Chicago. Please mention COMFORT when you write.

**MY WIFE SAYS SHE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT FOR THE MONEY.** \$12. Buy a \$45.00 Improved Oxford Sewing Machine, perfect working, reliable, finely finished, adapted to light and heavy work, with a complete set of the latest improved attachments free. Each machine guaranteed for 5 years. Buy direct from our factory, and save dealer and agents profits. Send for FREE CATALOGUE. OXFORD MFG. COMPANY, DEPT 24, CHICAGO, ILL.

**THE PEOPLE'S KNITTING MACHINE.** Retail price only \$4.00. Will knit Stockings, Mitts, Scarfs, Leggings, Fancy work and everything required in the household, from home-spun or factory yarn. Simple and easy to operate. Just the machine every family has long wished for. On receipt of \$7.00 I will ship machine threaded up with full instructions by express C. O. D. You can pay the balance, \$4.00, when the machine is received. Large commission to agents. Circulars and terms free. Safe delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Address J. F. GEARHART, Clearfield, Pa. Canadian address, DUNDAS, ONT.

**A Complete Cure** Will Cost You Nothing. We have a thousand genuine, voluntary testimonials of complete cures. We want a thousand more in the next three months from persons whom we are willing to cure. Will you give us a testimonial if we cure you completely?

**The Indian Herb and Electric Pad** will positively cure Kidney or Liver Diseases, and Blood Disorders. It will cure Rheumatism, Insomnia, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Chronic Back Ache, Painful Stomach Troubles, Diarrhoea and Flux, and all Bowel Disorders, Pains in the Side, Nervousness, Nervous Debility, Frigidity and troubles peculiar to women. If you have any of these afflictions The Indian Herb and Electric Pad will speedily remove them. Do not neglect your health. Send us your name and address at once. Do not delay. Address, EAST INDIA CO., Jersey City, N. J.

**YOU PAY NOTHING** Until you have examined this handsome watch and are satisfied it is the finest watch on earth for the money. Our way of doing business is a guarantee that we offer the best watch at the lowest price. Send us this advertisement with your name and address and we will send the watch to your express office, subject to examination, C. O. D. \$5.95; this is our wholesale cut price. If you do not take the watch it costs you nothing, as we pay all EXPRESS CHARGES. When you buy a watch from headquarters, as we make a specialty of these watches and give the finest to be had for the money. This is a GENUINE GOLD PLATED HUNTING CASE WATCH, the case being made of a hard watch case metal, covered with two precious plates of 18K GOLD. For beauty in design, engraving and finish, they are far ahead of any watch ever advertised in any paper before. In order to please and satisfy the most particular, so that all will recommend this watch, we put in these handsome cases our high grade STEEL WIND and SET movement, which is guaranteed by us for five years. They are quick train (18,000 beats per hour), fine ruby jeweled, oil tempered springs, expansion balance, carefully observed and regulated. If you want a durable and correct time-piece this watch is bound to please you. We send our 5-YEAR GUARANTEE with each watch and a fine rolled GOLD CHAIN FREE. UNITED STATES WATCH CO., 250 W. Van Buren Street, CHICAGO ILL. Please mention COMFORT when you write.

**You Get \$150 Cash** If you catch on quick. \$1600 worth of Prizes.

**FLY** To the First Person who sends a correct answer to this rebus before Thursday, December 31st, 1891, we will give One Hundred and Fifty Dollars Cash. To the Second, \$100 Cash. To the Third, \$50 Cash. To each of the next ten.

**A Solid Gold Stem Winding Watch.** These watches are not plated, but Solid Gold Double Cases and fine American movements, either Waltham, Elgin or Seth Thomas makes. To each of the next five, a \$50 High-Arm Sewing Machine

with five drawers, extension drop-leaf, full set of attachments, and warranted five years by the manufacturers. To each of the next ten

**A Handsome Silk Dress Pattern** of 14 to 18 Yards. You can choose between black, gray, blue, green, brown or wine color, and we will send the color of your choice. To the next twenty-five we will give to each one a handsome Genuin Solid Silver Cased Watch, stem wind and stem set, and we will also premiums the same day your guess is received, all express charges prepaid, to the limit of this offer. With your answer to the rebus we require you to send fifty cents, and we will mail you our 16-page 64 column paper, "The American Fireside," for one year. The January issues of all our publications will announce the result of this offer, and the name and full address of every prize winner will be printed. (See page 9.) This offer is made solely to advertise our publications and introduce them into new homes. We are well able and shall promptly give all the prizes offered here—square dealing is our motto. Postage stamps taken—we use them. Give your full name and P. O. address. Our address is: The American Fireside, Cor. Washington & Sussex Sts., Jersey City, N. J. Please mention COMFORT when you write.

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**A BIG OFFER** FOR MADE IN A MINUTE! If you will hang up in the P. O., or some public place, the two show bills that we send, we will give you a 50c. cert., and send it in advance with samples and bills. This will trouble you about one minute, and then if you want to work on salary at \$2.50 or \$100 per month, let us know. We pay in advance. GIANT OXIE CO 123 Willow St., Augusta, Me.



# A WESTERN ELAINE.

## The Story of a Girl's Broken Heart.

BY CLAY M. GREENE.

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### CHAPTER I.

"What yer readin', Mister?" I looked up from my book and glared at the intruder, but the momentary expression of displeasure was soon softened into one of interest. For the person who had interrupted my solitary hour with Tennyson, commended himself to me at once, as being one of those strange specimens of humanity, who, to the student of human nature might become an interesting subject of analysis. Almost everyone imagines himself to be a reader of faces, and I am no exception.

He was not altogether a stranger to me, for I had seen him but a few moments before paddling on the river at the foot of the bluff on the edge of which I sat. But when the strange craft that carried him—a primitive dug-out, fashioned from the trunk of a pine tree—had glided into the shadows of the stunted cypresses that lined the river's edge, both the boat and its solitary occupant passed out of my mind. Now a new interest was awakened, and for a moment I studied him closely, without replying to his abrupt, if not impertinent query.

He was a man of apparently forty-five years of age; his figure tall and erect, and a mass of iron gray hair fell from under his sombrero in a tangled mass about his shoulders. His face was almost hidden by a bushy growth of beard, and his piercing eyes, gray and sad, seemed to reflect a heart that had borne its weight of care. His dress was totally different from that of the men I had noticed about Monterey, for he was dressed in soiled buckskin from head to foot, and I became impressed with the idea that I had at last met with one of those strange ideals of the sensational western novelist.

As I drew this momentary mental photograph of him, he repeated the question that had first broken my reverie:

"What yer readin'?"

"Tennyson."

"Wot's that?"

"Tennyson is the poet laureate of England, and one of the most graceful writers of the day. The story I am reading is that of Elaine, a strange sad tale of disappointed love."

"Tell us about it, won't yer, Mister?"



THE OLD MAN ROSE TO A SITTING POSTURE.

In a few words as possible I recounted the touching experiences of this misguided heroine, from her first meeting with Launcelot to the place where, in the words of the poet:

"—the dead,  
Steered by the dumb, went upward with the flood."

"My God!" I looked up in surprise. The sad white face had in a second undergone a startling metamorphosis. The cheeks were flushed, the cold gray eyes flashed with anger, and the lips quivered with excitement.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Mister, wher did Tennyson git that story?"

"I cannot say, but it is probably a child of his own fancy, a bit of poetic romance."

"No t'aint Mister, no t'aint! That ere story's as true as the blue o' them skies; true as the wind that's a sighin' above them pines now; true as the roar o' them breakers on the rocks at Cypress Point. Fur it happened right ther on the bend o' the river, whar yer see that old adobe; and the bells as that book says tolled fur her death wasn't rung in England, but over at the foot o' the hills thar, from the towers o' the Mission Church."

"You have awakened a strange interest in me, my friend; won't you sit down?"

He sat upon the fragrant cushion of pine needles beside me, and cast a long wistful, tearful glance at the book I held in my hand.

"What did you mean when you told me that story was true?" I asked.

"Jest what I said, Mister. Elaine was my gal Phoebe, Launcelot was a feller from 'Frisco named Roberts, and—what did you say the queen's name was?"

"Guinevere."

"Wall, she was a grand lady visitin' at the Hotel Del Monte. And, Mister, the Lord of Astolat was me!"

"Do you mind telling me the story in your own way?"

There was no reply; for the stranger threw himself upon his face, his gaunt frame quivered with emotion, and sob after sob stirred the silence of the pines. I had bent forward in the hope that the touch of a friendly hand might staunch the flow of grief, when I heard the tramp of heavy feet, and a new comer appeared upon the scene, knelt beside the old man, and spoke to him eagerly in Spanish.

"Que Tienes, Capitan?"

The new comer was one of the few remaining types of the California Mission Indian. Rather short of stature, with a skin dark almost as that of a negro; a heavy growth of wiry, black hair straggled down his shoulders to the back and, to use a modern phrase, was "banged" low upon his forehead. He wore a pair of very ragged military trousers, with a flaring red shirt; and although the thermometer that afternoon must have registered 80 degrees Fahr., a heavy gray blanket was thrown about him. Receiving no reply to his earnest appeal, he leaned closer to the prostrate form of the "Capitano" and repeated it with even more emphasis than at first. The old man rose to a sitting posture, took hold of the Indian's wrist with a convulsive clasp, and spoke to him in his own tongue.

"Sancho, fel me ha dicho la historia de mi hija perdida!" (Sancho, he has told me the story of my lost daughter!)

"Como?" (How?) asked the Indian in astonishment.

Then with bated breath, and a tremulous voice, the old man repeated to Sancho what I



THAT SHE IS NOW, IN HER OLD SEAT.

concluded must be a Spanish version of the same story I had told him. What a sight were those two faces as I eagerly listened to the recital in a tongue I could not understand! The old man's voice was tremulous and faltering, and he stopped now and then to brush away the hot tears from his bronzed cheek. Sancho, true to the instincts of his race, remained stolid and apparently indifferent; but from the depths of his piercing black eyes, there seemed to flash an expression of bitter hatred, and when he had heard all, he glared at the book in my hand as though it were some enemy he wished to destroy.

"You don't understand Spanish, Mister?"

"On my negative reply, he continued: 'And he don't speak no English,' pointing to the Indian. 'But I wanted him to know, and now I'll tell yer the whole thing jest as it happened, and then you kin see it's the self-same story as is printed into that ere book. But hold on!' and he pointed to the distant hills.

"See that house on the hill yonder?"

"Yes."

"See where the settin' sun shinin' on the waters makes it look like a light?"

"Yes."

"Well that ere's my clock. I stand on this very spot every day jest at sunset, and that glitter warns me it's time to go home, to the old woman wot's waitin' fur me over yonder in the old adobe. So I'll have to quit yer now, but I'll tell yer the story to-morrow."

"I shall not be here then," I replied; "for urgent business will call me to the city. But I am deeply interested in the strange co-incidence you have mentioned, and should like to hear it through."

"Would yer mind comin' home with me then, and havin' a bite o' supper with me and the old woman?"

"I should desire it above all things."

"Come on then, and we've got to hurry or she'll be a worryin'."

With a nod to Sancho, he led the way toward the river. Not a word was spoken as we silently trod the circuitous trail down the cliff, and, arriving at the water's edge, the old man pointed to the boat, and I took my place in the bow. He seated himself amidships, and the Indian, with a dexterous movement, pushed the boat into the stream, took his place in the stern, and, paddle in hand, pointed her prow toward the bend in the river which the old man had spoken of. It was a weird, almost fantastic picture. The setting sun just disappearing behind the western sea, casting long shadows from the pines upon the placid surface of the water; the rudely constructed boat, with its three strangely contrasted occupants, gliding along noiselessly through the twilight.

The silence was almost painful; not even the dip of the paddle in the water, nor the ripples in our wake giving forth the faintest sound. The old man, his hands clasped about his knees, kept his eyes fastened upon the cliff we had just left, and his entire bearing was one of utter obliviousness to his surroundings. The silent steersman piled his paddle in a measured and mechanical way; while his face bore the same stolid, malignant expression I had noticed before.

Finding myself almost dropping into the belief that I must have fallen asleep among the pines on the cliff, and that this uncanny voyage in the mysterious dug-out must be some strange dream, I satisfied myself as to its reality by breaking the silence:

"My friend, you have not told me your name."

"Call me Thompson—that'll do."

"Have you lived in this neighborhood long?"

"Yes."

"How long?"

"I'll tell yer by and by."

His replies to my interrogatories were given in a listless, indifferent manner, which obviously betokened a repugnance to conversation, for the time being, at least, so I permitted silence to reign again.

For the next twenty minutes we glided noiselessly through the gathering shadows, when the boat's prow was turned toward the shore and with a sigh of relief, and a pang of satisfaction, I became aware that we had reached the objective point of our journey. Sancho stepped into the shallow water and pushed the boat high up on the shore, and unbidden by my new friend Thompson, I rose from my position in the bow and stepped out upon the land. Sancho, quite indifferent to our presence, sat upon the boat, rested his chin in the palms of his hands, and looked out toward the setting sun. Thompson turned to me and spoke:

"We'll go in the house now, Mister, and I want to tell you this one thing. I wouldn't a brought yer hyer, only'th you don't know Spanish and I'd be afraid we might get to talkin' about our trouble. That's somethin' I aint mentioned to the old woman sence it happened, 'cause I feel that the least suddint start'd break her old heart. I guess you'll haf ter tell me yer name, 'cause the old woman'll want to be introduced. For although we're poorer'n them crows over on the beach thar, she's got some o' them high-falutin' ideas she picked up among the proud old Mexicans afore Fremont took California."

"My name's Browning," I replied.

"Wall, Mister Browning, jest foller me."

I did so in silence. In a few moments we reached the summit of the little bluff on which the old adobe stood. Neatness reigned everywhere, and I breathed the balmy atmosphere of a thousand flowers. Lillies, roses, hollyhocks, heliotrope and mignonette grew all about me in luxurious abundance, and the white-washed walls of the old adobe were almost covered with a golden mass of nasturtium vines.

"Mister Browning, this ere little garden o' mine's my only care now, and I spend most o' my time among them beds a beautifyin' on 'em, and a makin' on 'em jest as bright 'n pleasant as I kin fur her sake. For its beautiful things that softens the solitude uv a lonely heart. And the only beautiful things I kin give to her now is them flowers, nursed inter life by me, and painted by the hand o' God. Thar she is now, in her old seat."

Looking toward the point indicated by the

wave of his hand, I beheld a dark-skinned, white-haired woman dressed in black. She had been seated upon a rustic bench in a small arbor, formed by an ingeniously interwoven mass of heliotrope bushes, but rose at our approach, and advanced to meet us. My introduction to her was brief, but evidently served its purpose, for with a stately bow, which one would hardly have expected from the wife of the uncouth Thompson, she pleasantly and quietly shook my hand.

"We will go in now, Mister," said Thompson, "supper is ready."

On entering the living room of the house, I was struck by the cleanliness and simplicity of my surroundings. Save for the rafters overhead, which seemed to have been discolored by the accumulated dust of years, everything was neatness itself. The newly white-washed walls, the well scoured floor, and the neat wooden furniture told their own story. My hostess was an excellent housewife. With a graceful movement of her right hand, and a bow that was almost regal, she motioned me to a seat at the table.

### CHAPTER II.

The meal was eaten almost in silence, and at its close my hostess bade me good night in Spanish, and left the room.

"She's a gittin' pretty old," explained Thompson, "and always goes to bed right after supper. She's asked me to tell yer this, so yer won't think she aint been brought up right. And now I'll tell yer that story, and ez it's a little cold to-night, we'd best sit close to the fire. Smoke?"

I took the pipe he offered me, and together we sat by the open fireplace, in the glare of its crackling logs of pine.

"I come to California in '49 'long with Fremont. When the war was over, and they declared peace we was all ordered home. But I'd met my first love by that time, and as she'd promised to marry me, and wanted me to stay, I got my discharge from the Colonel and settled down in Monterey. This sweetheart o' mine was a heap better'n wot I was, for her father was the Alcalde, and I only a sergeant in Fremont's regiment. But we soon fixed the matter up by havin' 'em call me 'Capitano' (which means Captain, you know) and that made things sound better, even if they wasn't."

"Wall, we was married by old Father Sebastian, at the Mission Church, and I moved over here and went to ranchin'. We was happy enough in our young days, and our lives passed along jest as smooth and as calm as that river out yonder in the moonlight. But no matter how happy a couple may be, no matter how deep their love, I tell yer, Mister, there's one thing that's always a cloud in the happiest home, and that's the thought that you aint got no little ones for to comfort you when you've struck the shady side o' life."

"Fifteen years we lived under this cloud, and, at last, one Christmas mornin', when the birds was a singin' in the vines outside our door and the bells o' the Mission were pealin' out their welcome for the birthday o' Christ, our little one came to us. I took the little speck o' nature in my arms for the first time, an' kissed her little puckerin' lips, and baptized her with hot tears o' joy, namin' her 'Phoebe,' after my mother."

"Sixteen years went by then, so quick we couldn't count 'em. Sixteen years o' peace, and quiet, and happiness; sixteen years o' joy, and love, and contentment. Phoebe had grown up to be what all the people in the valley said was the most beautiful human bein' they'd ever come across, and when she was confirmed the parish priest told me to be careful and watch her well, for such beauty as her'n was pretty sure to end in a flood o' tears. But I didn't dream o' such a thing, till they built the big hotel over in Monterey, and the crowds o' high toned people come down from the city. Everybody used to go over thar to see the dressin' and the sea bathin', and hear the music, and, o' course, Phoebe went too. She come home one night to us, with a look on her face I'd never seen thar before. Her little lips seemed drawn kinder into an expression o' pain, and thar was a sorter far off, sad look inter her eyes. We asked her wot was the matter, o' course, and after thinkin' a moment, and a twirlin' of her little fingers, she sat down on my knee and told me she was in love."

"Why, Mister Browning, if thet ere roof was ter fall right down on us this mornin', I couldn't be more surprised then I was then, wen our little gal told us she'd given her heart, what we'd all along thought would be our'n forever, to someone else."

"But we didn't chide her, 'cause we'd neither uv us spoke one cross word to her sence that Christmas mornin' when she come to us. I didn't go to bed till late that night; not ontill my wife come to me, as I was walkin' the floor, and said she thought it wouldn't amount to anythin' no how. The gal was only a child, and the first infatuation seldom, if ever, lasts."

"I couldn't sleep though, and tossed about all night and studied the stars a peepin' through my window, waitin' fur the day to come till I could see her and find out the whole truth."

"Wall, that truth come almost with the first streaks o' dawn, fur when I got up she was a sittin' thar on the door-step. I found that she was no longer a child—that her first infatuation was one o' the kind as creep inter a woman's heart to stay thar forever."



SHE SAT DOWN ON MY KNEE AND TOLD ME SHE WAS IN LOVE.

"She told me the man's name—Harry Roberts it was—and she said she'd been a meetin' him 'most every day for a week. He'd come up to her as she was a settin' alone on the beach, and introduced himself, and that's how they become acquainted. I didn't say nothin' to nobody as to wot I intended to do, but as soon as we'd ett breakfast, I hitched up and went over to the Hotel to see the man whose handsome face and pretty words had brought the first cloud to our

freside. And he was jest the kind uv of a man, Mister Browning, thet might win the heart uv any woman, for I tell yer, even with that great big load on my heart, he 'most won me. He was sorry, he said, that what he called 'a chance flirtation' should a been took so serious, and if thar was anything he could do to make Phoebe tear him out uv her heart, he'd act at once. I thanked him, and when I said good-bye, thar was a kind o' honest grasp in his hand wot told me he meant to do the right thing by my little 'un."

"I got acquainted with some people, and they told me this man Roberts had got hisself talked about, on account of bein' too intimate with a married lady from 'Frisco named Claverling. I told this to Phoebe that night, but she received it ez calm and indifferent like ez if I'd told her some bit o' everyday news; for she didn't believe a word uv it. With her, to love was to trust, and she trusted him with all her heart. Roberts didn't come over that day as he promised, nor the next, nor the next. And pretty soon we heard thar was to be a picnic party over on the bluff, wher we met this evenin'."

"For the first time in her life, our little gal deceived us. She told us she was goin' down to the river to read; but it wasn't long afore we saw her in the boat out in the stream, with Sancho a paddlin' uv her over to the Point. It was two hours afore she come back, and when she did, her eyes had a wild look in 'em, and her face was pale ez death. She threw herself on the sofa thar, and cried ez ef her heart would break. Me and the old woman done our best to comfort her, but it warn't no use, and between her sobs she told us that what I'd heard about the man she loved was true. She'd been over to the Point, and crept up to 'em unbeknownst, and seen Roberts and Mrs. Claverling together. She heard him speak words o' love to her, heard him say that ez he could never marry her, he never would any one else."

"The little one was sick arter that with brain fever, for 'most two weeks, and all the time thar was but one word she spoke, in her ravings or out uv them: 'Harry! Harry! Harry!' The doctor told us that unless somethin' was done to drive this man out uv her mind, she'd waste away and die; so I went to the Hotel again."

"Roberts was glad to see me, and said the reason he hadn't come over to the house was that he s'posed his indifference might cause Phoebe to furt him. He promised to do somethin' that day to end it all, and he come over in the evenin'. I don't jest know what he said to her, for they was together in the sick room fur a long time, and I was a waitin' here to have him tell me the result. He come out by and by with a worried look on his handsome face."

"Mr. Thompson," he said, 'I'd give my right hand if I could recall the first thoughtless words I spoke to that little girl. But it's too late now—I can do nothin'. Good-bye!'"

"And without sayin' another word, he passed from the room and out into the night."

"Phoebe growed wus, and wus, and wus, from that moment, and for five or six days was clean out uv her mind. At the end of that time we heard her a callin' o' us in the same sweet voice we'd been used to afore she was took down with the fever."

"Come to me, Mother and Father," she said, 'I want to hold yer hands in mine, for it'll be the last time I'll ever do this side o' the grave. I'm goin' ter die—the blow is too hard—more'n I can bear, more'n I can bear!'"

"We both tried to cheer her by speakin' words uv hope, but we done it with heavy hearts, Mr. Browning, fur we seen that the hand o' death was on her even then, that the Dark Angel was a beckonin' to her from the other side."

"Father, I want yer to promise me somethin' afore I leave yer: will yer?"

"Anythin' you say, Phoebe," I answered.

"Well, then," she went on, 'when I'm gone I want you to dress me in the gown I wore when I fust met him—the white one, I mean—and I want yer to place a bunch o' flowers in my hand, and with 'em this note to Harry.' And she took a bit o' folded paper from under her pillow. 'When you've done this, put me in the boat, take me over to the Point—it was thar I fust saw him, you know—and bury me thar. I want him to come, and he will if you ask him—'cause I feel as ef I could rest easier in my lonely grave knowin' he was near, and saw me covered up. Good-bye, Father—Mother darling, good-bye—kiss me, both of you.'

"She put out her little thin arms and drewed us both down and kissed us. And afore I took my cheek from hers I felt the shudder passin' through her little frame thet told me all was over, that our darling was dead, and all the sunshine and brightness and joy had went out uv our lives to the end o' time."

The old man buried his face in his hands, and sobbed bitterly. I did not speak, for I knew too well that this was a grief for which there is no solace, a burden that must be borne alone. After a few moments he resumed:

"The next day we done jest as she asked us to, dressed her in the white gown, put the flowers in her hand, and with 'em the note to Roberts. The parish priest objected to havin' her buried anywher but in consecrated ground; but ez it was her wish, I insisted and bimbe he gave in. We sent word to Roberts and a few friends we had, and told them wher we was goin' ter lay our little one away."

"We put her tenderly in the boat and Sancho took his place in the stern. I didn't go—I couldn't. For I felt that I hadn't strength enough to see her laid away in the ground, and then, too, I felt that my place was with the poor childless, heartbroken mother at home. The boat pushed off from the shore and out into the stream, and then, jest like the lines in thet thar book:

"—the dead,  
Steered by the dumb, went upward with the flood."

"Only with this one difference, that Sancho aint dumb. They buried her over ther under the pines, and our friends said that the saddest of all the mourners gathered ther was Harry Roberts. If you'll go to the Point to-morrow and walk from the place wher I met you this evenin', in a straight line towards Cypress Point, you'll come to a little block o' marble—he put it thar—with but one word on it, 'Phoebe.'"

"That's all, Mr. Browning, that's all. Sancho has hitched up the team, and I'll take yer home, but afore yer go I've got a big favor to ask uv yer. I want yer ter give me that—that little book."

I placed my "Tennyson" in his hand, looked pityingly upon his tear-stained cheeks, and, with one of those sudden impulses which emanate from souls that are truly human; one of those bursts of sympathy which can only spring from the hearts of those who know, we embraced each other.

Then taking his hands in mine, I pressed them again and again, and with a fervent "God bless you!—good-bye!" passed from that silent house of mourning forever.

Slam Her In.—The story is told of a country editor who had met with an accident. When he recovered consciousness his rival was present and yelled in his ear: "I'm very sorry for you sir."

"You are, eh; what for?"

"They say you've broken your spinal column."

"Confound that boy! He's dropped the form again. Fill it with slugs and slam her in!"—American Grocer.





MY DEAR MYSTIC FRIENDS:

Once again I have sauntered forth from my old home in "Mystic Land," and after a long journey, am with you at the "Realm of Comfort." And, Oh! what a bright and interested throng there is around me; young folks, middle aged and old folks, all alike joining in the pleasures of "The Mystic Castle." On this side, the juvenile have gathered, bright eyed lads and lassies, on that side some who have journeyed farther along in life, while last but not least, and dear to the heart of Oldcastle, seated directly in front of him, are those whose looks are silvered with the frosts of many winters, but whose hearts are just as young as they used to be.

A cordial greeting I give you all, dear Mystic Friends and hope to meet you often, and an earnest invitation is extended to those who have not joined "Our Mystic Band," to do so at once. Send original puzzles, and solutions to the mysteries below, with your name and address as well as *nom de plume* signed to each. If you cannot send both solutions and contributions send which you can.

Address all communications concerning "The Mystic Castle" to Oldcastle, Comfort, Utica, N. Y., that old man whom you see pictured above, who journeys each month to the "Realm of Comfort" taking with him a large carpet-bag, filled with the puzzles, solutions and letters received from his Mystic Friends. When a reply to your letters by mail is desired enclose a two-cent stamp.

Attention is called to the "Prize Word Hunt" announcement in this issue. We hope every reader of Comfort will become interested and compete for the prizes offered. Be sure to read the "Conditions," carefully.

Numerical No 211 in Sept. "Mystic Castle," should have been credited to Phil, Alleghany, Pa., but through mistake his name was omitted.

Kirby U. Fleck and Miss A. G. — A prize is not given to each one who solves six puzzles, but is awarded among all who send that number, in this manner: Each list is given a number and all the numbers placed together as many being picked out, *indiscriminately*, as there are special prizes. In the August issue there were two.

Mystic—Puzzles are not intricate enough. Try again. With a little practice you will be able to do as well as the rest of them.

Oldcastle was much pleased to see the picture of one of his "Mystic Friends" in "The Young Idea" and to learn that he was the President of the "Puzzlers' League" connected with that paper. Congratulations to those from the rest of "Our Mystic Band."

I often wish I could see all of my "Mystic Friends," but alas! I am not able to spare their likenesses for Oldcastle's Autograph Album.

Contributions have been received from: Wild Bill, Jr.; 6; Cowboy; 5; Mrs. C. C. Haskell, Red Rose and Star of the Evening; 4; Frank C., Delian and Maj.; 3; Leander, Nelson Forsyth, Is, Aspiro, Danville Solver and Frantz; 2; Lalla Rookh, Remlap, Ka Art, Ky Hoosier, Always, Marion Stevens, E. E. Fleck and Fay, one each.

One hundred eighteen solvers to August "Mystic Castle"! Glad to see the increased interest in this line of puzzleistic work.

The solvers are as follows: Necro M. Ancer, Delian and W. E. Wiatt; 21; Swiss Lilac, Rosabel, Waldemar, F. M. M. and Ophir; 20; Frantz, Uno, J. O. M., Ypsie, Frank, Eglantine, Mrs. G. P. C., Josie and Daisy Bourjal and P. A. Stime; 19; Tanbark, Fermin and Nettie Simon; 18; Chance; 17; Thinker, Ray, Phil, Wild Bill, Jr.; 16; Miss A. C. Leonard, Leander, Novice, Etta M. Todd, Remlap, Bill Arp, Melancthon, Castranova, Marion Stevens and Fay; 15; Line; 14; A. F. B.; 13; Carrie Griswold, Frank C., Sly Coon, Robt. Driskell; 12; Burton Hall, Danville Solver, Remlap, Minnie A. Pohl, Northern Girl; 11; G. R. A. B., Lulu B., Mrs. C. C. Haskell, Veritas, Sunshine; 10; Mrs. Ethel Williams, Sydney, Valley Girl, Youandi, O. B. Server, Jew V. Nile, Dick Graver, Jo Ker, G. S. Coykendall, Ky Hoosier, Flora E. Davis, Carrie Bruce, Mater, Miss Terius, Di A. Mond, Le Van, Laura Marston, Maj, Columbia, Kate Gallagher, Buck I. Solver, Solon; 8; Sara, Moss Rose, Neshebe Cricket, Will, U. N. Certin, Theo O. Logy, Rooks Berry, River Point, Tottie, Elm, Jennie Pryor, Mrs. Phil Diehl, M. A. Ryland, Sunshine (Ottawa, Ill.), Black Eyed Charley, Mrs. Bettie Silcott, Ka Art, Oma and C. A. Kratz; 7; Mollie E. Starkey, Col. E. Brooks, K. S. Neamond, Mary G. Smith, Lizzie Shlosser, Katie Alice, Miss Anna Gourdon, J. C. Leim, Jr., Mrs. A. Cole, Olive R. Sudden, Cowboy, Kirby U. Fleck, Clara Thomas, Virgil B. Watta, Miss C. O. Parker, Ida C. Nichols, Emma Glass, Prof. Brussels, Merry Nell, Miss Ella McLaughlin, Grace Kizer and Phyllis; 6; Lalla Rookh and Thibebe; 5; Clara C. Sullivan; 4; Arkate; 3; Mrs. Marie E. Watkins; 1.

Prize-Winners:—1. Necro M. Ancer. 2. Delian. 3. W. E. Wiatt.

Specials:—1. K. S. Neamond. 2. U. N. Certin.

Delian sent his complete list of solutions in rhyme, and if space would allow, we would be glad to publish the entire list, but there is room for only a few of them. They run as follows:

Dear old Mystic Friend:  
I've been through the "Mystic Castle"  
All its wonders to explore,  
And found a score of curious things,  
I never saw before.

It may furnish some amusement,  
And will take but little time,  
To explicate those "Mysteries,"  
And set them forth in rhyme.

But Oldcastle need not print them,  
That were too much to expect!  
Perhaps the list will win a prize,  
If all are found correct.

Hundred ninety, South Carolina  
Gives us very good advice,  
We'll hold the "fort" and "Comfort" take,  
And eat the "cake" that's nice.

We'll toe the cat, and send her out  
To seek her proper game,  
We'll light the lamp and read the "tome,"  
Recalling deeds of fame.

Next comes Alexander  
With a proverb very old;  
It needs no "salt" 'tis ever "new,"  
At "least," so we are told.

"All's well that ends well," is it true?  
Hereafter with the spirits in light,  
Or evil ones in "hell."

D on a t "donate" will spell  
If not, will Black Eyed Charley tell  
What does it spell, and thus we show  
It means to give, grant, or bestow.

When Lincoln found the Union armies foiled,  
He found a "key," 'twas in a "hole" you see,  
And millions who in slavery had toiled,  
He freed by fitting to "key-hole" the "key."

201. A duck will "quack" and boast, alack,  
Let "Urban" "cavil" not!  
The dinner-bell will sound his "knell!"  
"Above" the grave(y) hot.

203. "Once" a maid from Alleghany  
Found "one," Phil, a fool, a zany;  
Pogring out his cash like water,  
Worse his fate, if he had bought her.

200. I find myself in "error sir;"  
I'm covered with "chagrin";  
The "tears" that flow in terror, sir,  
Do penance for my sin (e. a.)  
Hopkinsville, Ky., DELIAN.

Ere I greet you again at the "Realm of Comfort,"  
dear Mystic Friends, you will have gathered around  
the festive Thanksgiving board and enjoyed the fruits  
which God, in His goodness hath given thee. While  
you are thus blessed, dear friends, be not wholly  
mindful of self, but think of those who have been  
less fortunate than you, and strive to lend a helping  
hand to cheer the hearts of these, God's suffering  
children.

I must now journey homeward and so bid you a  
good-bye till we meet again.

Your dear old Mystic Friend, OLDCASTLE.

#### PRIZE WORD HUNT.

The following prizes will be awarded to the senders  
of the six largest lists of words, found in the name,  
"Oldcastle," complying with the conditions given be-  
low:

1. The "Mammoth" Stamping Outfit.
2. Multum in Parvo Songster.
3. Payne's Business Pointers.
4. One Year's Subscription to COMFORT.
5. Dime Savings Bank.
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Oldcastle offers as a special prize, a year's sub-  
scription to a good story paper, for the best appear-  
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#### CONDITIONS.

1. All words found in the main body of Webster's  
Unabridged Dictionary, the supplement included, are  
allowable.
2. Abbreviations, prefixes, suffixes, plurals, proper  
names, etc., are not allowable.
3. No letter can be used more than once in a word,  
with the exception of the letter L, which appears  
twice in Oldcastle.
4. A word can be used but once, no matter how many  
meanings it may have, but if it has two or more ways  
of being spelled, they will be credited, if sanctioned  
by Webster.
5. All lists must be written in ink, words arranged  
in alphabetical order and numbered.
6. The name and address must be written at the  
head of the list, and writing must be on one side of  
the paper, only.
7. In case of ties, lists first received will be given  
the preference.

Competition closes January 1, 1892. The result will  
be announced in March "Mystic Castle." Lists re-  
ceived after that date, also lists not complying with  
the above conditions, will not be acknowledged.

Any who desire to be notified of the receipt of their  
lists, will receive a prompt reply if a two-cent stamp  
is inclosed.

#### SOLUTIONS TO AUGUST'S "MYSTERIES."

- No. 190. Take Comfort. No. 191. "All's well that  
ends well." No. 192. Copias De Manrique. No. 193.  
William Cullen Bryant. No. 194. Baltimore. No. 195.  
Hearst. No. 196. D on a t (Donate). No. 197.  
Key-hole. No. 198. Star-fish. No. 199. Ratable.  
No. 200. Feather.  
No. 201. 1. QUACK. 2. URBAN. 3. ABOVE. 4.  
CAVIL. 5. KNELL.  
No. 202. 1. VALET. 2. ADORE. 3. LOVES. 4.  
ERECT. 5. TESTS.  
No. 203. Once, One.  
No. 204. 1. X. 2. Let. 3. Scrap. 4. Xerasia. 5.  
Taste. 6. Pie. 7. A.  
No. 205. 1. E. 2. AXE. 3. ALERT. 4. EXERGUE.  
6. ERGOT. 6. TUT. 7. B.  
No. 206. 1. H. 2. SAG. 3. SENNA. 4. HANCOCK.  
5. GNOME. 6. ACE. 7. K.  
No. 207. 1. O. 2. URG. 3. UTTER. 4. ORTOLAN.  
5. NELLY. 6. RAY. 7. N.  
No. 208. 1. R. 2. LET. 3. LARER. 4. REREDOR.  
5. TEDGE. 6. ROE. 7. R.  
No. 209. 1. C. 2. THE. 3. TEARS. 4. CHAGRIN.  
5. ERROR. 6. SIR. 7. N.  
No. 210. 1. E. 2. AXE. 3. APACE. 4. EXAMINE.  
5. EICYA. 6. ENA. 7. E.

#### MYSTERIES.

No. 237. Charade.

Each morn you all may see my first,  
Which from the east doth burst,  
With beauties grand to see.  
My second made of wood and stone,  
Which civilized men make their home.  
A "prime necessity" my whole,  
You'll find along the coast;  
Where reefs abound you, 'tis true,  
You'll find the most.

VER HOWELL.

No. 238. Charade.

My first was taken from a man  
Almost before he knew 'twas his;  
'Twas changed to perfect loveliness,  
Then given back to him again.  
My second sometimes offers rest,  
To weary and dejected man;  
Sometimes 'tis filled with lovely flowers,  
Which look so beautiful and grand.  
My whole means furnished with long thin strips,  
Of timber or wood, or even bone.  
To strengthen things which are so weak,  
They'd fall apart, if left alone.

JOAN OF ARC.

No. 239. Rhomboid.

Across. 1. Epistles. 2. Trifling talk. 3. Angry. 4.  
A hard substance. 5. To will to.  
Down. 1. A letter. 2. A prefix. 3. A Latin numeral.  
4. Parts of the head. 5. A portion of country. 6. A  
noted university. 7. Finale. 8. Diphthong. 9. A let-  
ter.

Kansas City, Mo., PHIL O. PENA.

No. 240. Oblique Rectangle.

1. A letter. 2. A gentleman. 3. A cloak fastened  
in front with a clasp. 4. A species of pine. 5. A  
bully. 6. Enrolled soldiers. 7. An altar-screen. 8.  
Spanish painter. (1561-1625.) 9. To hinge. 10. Cook-  
ing utensils, heated by a spirit lamp. 11. Symbols  
for silver. 12. A letter.

New Castle, Ohio, FRANK.

No. 241. Diamond.

1. A letter. 2. The outer covering of a chestnut. 3.  
Peeled. 4. Conflicts. 5. Cut short. 6. To free from  
pain. 7. To dig. 8. To look. 9. A letter.

Ardmore, Pa., REMARDO.

No. 242. Diamond.

1. A letter. 2. A kind of fish. 3. An article of food.  
4. A large boiler. 5. A beautiful flower. 6. Repairing.  
7. Certain fish. 8. A kind of ale. 9. A letter.

Utica, N. Y., CORNHILL.

No. 243. Diamond.

1. A letter. 2. To twist. 3. The leaf of a fern. 4.  
Composed. 5. A subtlety. 6. To excite. 7. To con-  
quer, (obs.) 8. A haunt. 9. A letter.

Newport, N. Y., ILEX.

No. 244. Diamond.

1. A letter. 2. To depress the spirits. 3. Gowns.  
4. Exalted. 5. Pertaining to the cheek-bone. 6. A  
pattern of great excellence. 7. A small thread drawn  
through the skin, by which a small opening is con-  
tinued. 8. To stun with noise. 9. A letter.

New Chester, Pa., CASTRANOVA.

No. 245. Diamond.

1. A letter. 2. A broad, flat boat. 3. A province of  
India. 4. The Indian cane. 5. A fine wit. 6. Delic-  
ate spirits distilled from cherries. 7. Pure oils of  
turpentine. 8. Certain animals. 9. Perpendiculars.  
10. Certain prepositions. 11. A letter.

Bangor, Pa., T. THINKER.

No. 246. Diamond.

1. A letter. 2. An exclamation of contempt. 3.  
Crutches shaped like the letter T. 4. Attacks with a  
pointed weapon. 5. Natives of a French city. 6.  
Large, North American trees. 7. Is doubtful as to  
facts. 8. One who shrinks from his purpose. 9. To  
utter with grimace. 10. Sees, (obs. Wore. Supp.) 11.  
A letter.

Phila., Pa., NYPHO.

No. 247. Rhomboid.

Across. 1. Powerful. 2. Dealers in oil. 3. Figures.  
4. To do beyond. 5. Narrow. 6. Longed.

Down. 1. A letter. 2. A preposition. 3. To free.  
4. A dish of stewed meat. 5. A liquor made of wine,  
water, sugar, nutmeg and lemon juice. 6. Sandy. 7.  
To gaze at. 8. Blemish. 9. A metal. 10. An abbrevi-  
ation. 11. A letter.

Waterman, Ill., COLUMBIA.

No. 248. Double Acrostic.

(Words of six letters.)  
1. A sudden check. 2. A kind of brass made to re-  
semble gold. 3. Northerly. 4. To advise. 5. Reson-  
ance. 6. Checkered woolen cloth.  
Primals and finals name a noted inventor.

Wild Bill, Jr.

#### PRIZES FOR SOLUTIONS.

To the senders of the three largest lists of solu-  
tions to this month's "Mysteries," the following  
prizes will be awarded:

1. Webster's Handy Dictionary.
2. A year's subscription to COMFORT.
3. Carl's Treasure Cabinet.

Competition closes Jan. 1, 1892. Solutions, solvers,  
and prize-winners will appear in February "Mystic  
Castle."

#### 24 SONGS FOR A CENT.

You will notice an advertisement of a lot of  
songs (words and music) that Morse & Co. are  
sending free for 6c. for postage, etc. As they  
send you over 144 in the collection you get the  
songs at a better rate than 24 for a cent. It is a  
wonderful bargain for this month only, as they  
won't last long you had better write to-day.  
See advertisement. A large publishing house  
going out of the business.

**YOUR NAME ON**  
LOVELY CARDS, 1.10, 1.20, 1.30, 1.40, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00, 5.50, 6.00, 6.50, 7.00, 7.50, 8.00, 8.50, 9.00, 9.50, 10.00, 10.50, 11.00, 11.50, 12.00, 12.50, 13.00, 13.50, 14.00, 14.50, 15.00, 15.50, 16.00, 16.50, 17.00, 17.50, 18.00, 18.50, 19.00, 19.50, 20.00, 20.50, 21.00, 21.50, 22.00, 22.50, 23.00, 23.50, 24.00, 24.50, 25.00, 25.50, 26.00, 26.50, 27.00, 27.50, 28.00, 28.50, 29.00, 29.50, 30.00, 30.50, 31.00, 31.50, 32.00, 32.50, 33.00, 33.50, 34.00, 34.50, 35.00, 35.50, 36.00, 36.50, 37.00, 37.50, 38.00, 38.50, 39.00, 39.50, 40.00, 40.50, 41.00, 41.50, 42.00, 42.50, 43.00, 43.50, 44.00, 44.50, 45.00, 45.50, 46.00, 46.50, 47.00, 47.50, 48.00, 48.50, 49.00, 49.50, 50.00, 50.50, 51.00, 51.50, 52.00, 52.50, 53.00, 53.50, 54.00, 54.50, 55.00, 55.50, 56.00, 56.50, 57.00, 57.50, 58.00, 58.50, 59.00, 59.50, 60.00, 60.50, 61.00, 61.50, 62.00, 62.50, 63.00, 63.50, 64.00, 64.50, 65.00, 65.50, 66.00, 66.50, 67.00, 67.50, 68.00, 68.50, 69.00, 69.50, 70.00, 70.50, 71.00, 71.50, 72.00, 72.50, 73.00, 73.50, 74.00, 74.50, 75.00, 75.50, 76.00, 76.50, 77.00, 77.50, 78.00, 78.50, 79.00, 79.50, 80.00, 80.50, 81.00, 81.50, 82.00, 82.50, 83.00, 83.50, 84.00, 84.50, 85.00, 85.50, 86.00, 86.50, 87.00, 87.50, 88.00, 88.50, 89.00, 89.50, 90.00, 90.50, 91.00, 91.50, 92.00, 92.50, 93.00, 93.50, 94.00, 94.50, 95.00, 95.50, 96.00, 96.50, 97.00, 97.50, 98.00, 98.50, 99.00, 99.50, 100.00, 100.50, 101.00, 101.50, 102.00, 102.50, 103.00, 103.50, 104.00, 104.50, 105.00, 105.50, 106.00, 106.50, 107.00, 107.50, 108.00, 108.50, 109.00, 109.50, 110.00, 110.50, 111.00, 111.50, 112.00, 112.50, 113.00, 113.50, 114.00, 114.50, 115.00, 115.50, 116.00, 116.50, 117.00, 117.50, 118.00, 118.50, 119.00, 119.50, 120.00, 120.50, 121.00, 121.50, 122.00, 122.50, 123.00, 123.50, 124.00, 124.50, 125.00, 125.50, 126.00, 126.50, 127.00, 127.50, 128.00, 128.50, 129.00, 129.50, 130.00, 130.50, 131.00, 131.50, 132.00, 132.50, 133.00, 133.50, 134.00, 134.50, 135.00, 135.50, 136.00, 136.50, 137.00, 137.50, 138.00, 138.50, 139.00, 139.50, 140.00, 140.50, 141.00, 141.50, 142.00, 142.50, 143.00, 143.50, 144.00, 144.50, 145.00, 145.50, 146.00, 146.50, 147.00, 147.50, 148.00, 148.50, 149.00, 149.50, 150.00, 150.50, 151.00, 151.50, 152.00, 152.50, 153.00, 153.50, 154.00, 154.50, 155.00, 155.50, 156.00, 156.50, 157.00, 157.50, 158.00, 158.50, 159.00, 159.50, 160.00, 160.50, 161.00, 161.50, 162.00, 162.50, 163.00, 163.50, 164.00, 164.50, 165.00, 165.50, 166.00, 166.50, 167.00, 167.50, 168.00, 168.50, 169.00, 169.50, 170.00, 170.50, 171.00, 171.50, 172.00, 172.50, 173.00, 173.50, 174.00, 174.50, 175.00, 175.50, 176.00, 176.50, 177.00, 177.50, 178.00, 178.50, 179.00, 179.50, 180.00, 180.50, 181.00, 181.50, 182.00, 182.50, 183.00, 183.50, 184.00, 184.50, 185.00, 185.50, 186.00, 186.50, 187.00, 187.50, 188.00, 188.50, 189.00, 189.50, 190.00, 190.50, 191.00, 191.50, 192.00, 192.50, 193.00, 193.50, 194.00, 194.50, 195.00, 195.50, 196.00, 196.50, 197.00, 197.50, 198.00, 198.50, 199.00, 199.50, 200.00, 200.50, 201.00, 201.50, 202.00, 202.50, 203.00, 203.50, 204.00, 204.50, 205.00, 205.50, 206.00, 206.50, 207.00, 207.50, 208.00, 208.50, 209.00, 209.50, 210.00, 210.50, 211.00, 211.50, 212.00, 212.50, 213.00, 213.50, 214.00, 214.50, 215.00, 215.50, 216.00, 216.50, 217.00, 217.50, 218.00, 218.50, 219.00, 219.50, 220.00, 220.50, 221.00, 221.50, 222.00, 222.50, 223.00, 223.50, 224.00, 224.50, 225.00, 225.50, 226.00, 226.50, 227.00, 227.50, 228.00, 228.50, 229.00, 229.50, 230.00, 230.50, 231.00, 231.50, 232.00, 232.50, 233.00, 233.50, 234.00, 234.50, 235.00, 235.50, 236.00, 236.50, 237.00, 237.50, 238.00, 238.50, 239.00, 239.50, 240.00, 240.50, 241.00, 241.50, 242.00, 242.50, 243.00, 243.50, 244.00, 244.50, 245.00, 245.50, 246.00, 246.50, 247.00, 247.50, 248.00, 248.50, 249.00, 249.50, 250.00, 250.50, 251.00, 251.50, 252.00, 252.50, 253.00, 253.50, 254.00, 254.50, 255.00, 255.50, 256.00, 256.50, 257.00, 257.50, 258.00, 258.50, 259.00, 259.50, 260.00, 260.50, 261.00, 261.50, 262.00, 262.50, 263.00, 263.50, 264.00, 264.50, 265.00, 265.50, 266.00, 266.50, 267.00, 267.50, 268.00, 268.50, 269.00, 269.50, 270.00, 270.50, 271.00, 271.50, 272.00, 272.50, 273.00, 273.50, 274.00, 274.50, 275.00, 275.50, 276.00, 276.50, 277.00, 277.50, 278.00, 278.50, 279.00, 279.50, 280.00, 280.50, 281.00, 281.50, 282.00, 282.50, 283.00,





Cross! Well I should say!  
'Bout the crossman in town  
Is Millard Fillmore Franklin Pierce  
Augustus Milton Brown.  
The only time you'll find him  
good natured—I'll be bound—  
Is when the latest copy  
Of COMFORT comes around.

E. L. SYLVESTER.

### BLANCHE'S MASQUERADE.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

"It would be such jolly fun, you really must let me have my own way, Uncle Joshua," said Blanche Leslie coaxingly.

"I don't know what Aunt Hetty'll say to such an arrangement," said farmer Jocelyn, shaking his head. "Oh, Aunt Hetty always let me have my own way when I was a little tot," Blanche clapped her hands gleefully. "I have a bright idea," she exclaimed. "Let Aunt Hetty think that you have found a poor girl who is in need of a good home—she hasn't seen me for seven years so it will be easy enough so far as recognizing me is concerned."

"Well, since you are so set on masquerading I reckon you must have your own way," said Uncle Joshua. "Aunt Hetty's been wanting help this long spell so she's not likely to ask many questions concerning the 'poor girl,'" he concluded, smiling. "How delightful to be able to run away from all the hiresome people that flock around me because I happen to be an heiress," murmured Blanche, carefully closing and locking the small trunk that contained the clothing which she had purchased for her "outing."

As the old fashioned carryall containing Uncle Joshua and the "poor girl" neared its destination, the former became somewhat uneasy. "I'm not sure that Aunt Hetty'll ever forgive me for takin' part in this deceivin' business," he said anxiously.

"Don't worry about that, Uncle Joshua," said the plainly dressed girl at his side. "Aunt Hetty knows or will know when the proper time arrives, where to place the blame—there is dear Aunt Hetty at the front gate—now mind, Uncle Joshua, you must say that my name is Sarah and—"

"Well, I declare, Joshua, I thought that something had surely happened. You're full an hour later than usual," said Aunt Hetty as the carryall stopped before the gate. "Dear me, I really believe that you've brought someone to help me along with the work," she said peering into the carryall.

"Yes, a poor girl in need of a home asked me to—"

"Let her do the work for us during the summer," prompted Blanche.

"To be sure—she'll work for her board and clothes," stammered Uncle Joshua.

"Poor creature!" said Aunt Hetty sympathetically, as she saw the girl raise her hand to her face and tremble as if overcome with emotion. "Get right down and come into the house," she said kindly. "We've enough on' to spare here. You'll be chippier enough when you've been here a spell."

Blanche, controlling the desire to fold her arms around Aunt Hetty's neck, followed her into the large, sunny kitchen.

"You're poor an' lonesome enough, I reckon," said Aunt Hetty compassionately. "Well, the farmhouse is big enough for all of us an' I dare say," she added with a beaming smile, "that the good, wholesome vittals that you get here won't disagree with you. This is Andrew," she said as a tall, sunburned young man entered the room. "This is the new help, Andrew," nodding her head toward "Sarah" who stood with downcast eyes, the personification of bashfulness.

"I'm glad that the longed for 'help' has come at last, Auntie," said Andrew glancing carelessly at the little brown-robed figure.

"He isn't any relation to us," said Aunt Hetty, after Andrew had left the room, "but his parents were good, honest people an' when they died we concluded to take the boy and now he's just like our own child. It's comfortin' to know that we'll have someone to look after us when we get old and decrepit."

An amused expression flitted across "Sarah's" countenance as the last words fell from Aunt Hetty's lips. "Not any immediate danger of decrepitness," she murmured.

"I'm real glad, Joshua, that you brought Sarah home with you," said Aunt Hetty one evening about a week after the arrival of her new 'help.' "She don't look over strong," she continued, "but there's plenty of light work to keep one person busy. She don't seem to know over much concernin' housework, but she's willin' to learn an' that's half the battle."

"I guess she wasn't used to work—she has—I mean—at least I've heard that city girls don't know much about work," said farmer Jocelyn hurriedly.

"Like enough they don't said Aunt Hetty complacently. "I must say it's no credit to their parents," she concluded with asperity.

Days and weeks passed quickly away. Blanche gradually became accustomed to the work which she was called upon to do and as time passed on, she was called upon to admit that the change in her mode of living was proving beneficial in many ways.

"I'm sure you must be tired of masquerading by this time," said Uncle Joshua, standing by the table where Blanche stood straining the warm rich milk into great pots preparatory to placing it in the spring house.

"No indeed," replied Blanche with a merry laugh. "I love to help Aunt Hetty—and besides, Uncle Joshua, I am actually learning to keep house." A peal of silvery laughter rang through the cheerful kitchen and floated directly to the ears of an individual who, with his arm thrown carelessly across the bough of an apple tree, watched the blue smoke that came from his cigar, and as it arose higher and higher among the clustering leaves of the tree, the "castle" that rested upon the vapory foundation wayed slowly from side to side then disappeared into space. A light touch upon his arm caused Andrew to start and flush guiltily.

"A penny for your thoughts," said a low, sweet voice.

"I was thinking of—of—the weather," stammered Andrew.

"That is a very nice subject," said "Sarah" fanning her flushed cheeks with a corner of her apron. "I never fully realized the delights of country life until now," she said earnestly. "Of course," she added quickly, "people who live in a great city have few opportunities to enjoy the beauties of nature."

"Tell me about the city. Do you think it would be hard to work one's way there?" asked Andrew.

"Yes—yes, I believe it is. Of course people have to work very hard—at least I think they do." Noticing Andrew's look of astonishment she declared that

rich people were not near so happy as those who had to work for a living, adding natively, "It is ever so much nicer to spend money that you have earned yourself."

This was only one of the many interviews which Andrew and Aunt Hetty's "help" seemed to find so interesting.

"I declare," said Aunt Hetty good naturedly, "I believe that Sarah and Andrew will make a match."

"A what?" exclaimed Uncle Joshua excitedly.

"Land a living, Joshua, abody would think you'd never heard of two young people strikin' up a match," said Aunt Hetty in astonishment. "We were young ourselves, Joshua, and we mustn't set ourselves against—"

"Oh bother the preachin'!" said Uncle Joshua impatiently. "Bla—Sarah I mean, can't and won't marry Andrew, that's settled."

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed Aunt Hetty wrathfully.

"I guess our Andrew's good enough for a girl nobody knows anything about. But there, if they've both made up their minds to the same thing they'll not listen to anybody—no more than we did, Joshua," she said with a merry twinkle in her kindly gray eyes.

"I think it's about time this masqueradin' was stopped," said Uncle Joshua severely, the first moment that he and Blanche were alone. "I won't have anybody make a fool of Andrew. He's every bit as good as we are—he's poor now but—"

"I haven't been making a fool of Andrew," Uncle Joshua said.

"Well, at any rate it's high time this was stopped. Your aunt will never forgive me."

"If I go away now, Uncle Joshua, won't you let me come back to spend Thanksgiving?" pleaded Blanche.

"Why bless my heart, child, you're welcome to stay here all the days of your life providin' you'll wear your own clothes and let people know that you're not a pauper."

"But Uncle Joshua, can't I be 'Sarah' for just a few days before Thanksgiving?" said Blanche coaxingly.

"Well," said farmer Jocelyn weakening, "if it's to be only for a few days I'll say yes. I suppose you want to help Aunt Hetty bake the pumpkin and the mince pies, eh?"

"Yes, Aunt Hetty has promised to let me do all the baking. I have become a first class housekeeper," said Blanche proudly.

"You have promised to give me an answer the day before Thanksgiving. It is a long time to wait," said Andrew gloomily.

"You ought to be willing to wait as long as Jacob waited for Rachel," said Blanche mischievously.

"The time will not seem short to me for I shall be away from you," said Blanche softly. The next moment she was gone.

"Sarah" and Andrew were alone in the sunny kitchen surrounded by the good things that had been prepared for the next day's feast.

"Would you still love me, Andrew, if I were to tell you that—that I am not what I seem?" asked "Sarah" gazing timidly into the honest blue eyes that were so full of love and tenderness.

"Yes, I would still love you, dear," said Andrew, pressing his lips to the little hand that was clasped within his own.

"Will you still love me even if—a great change should take place?"

"I will always love you, I couldn't do anything else," said Andrew simply.

"You do not ask me to tell you my secret," said "Sarah" with a rapid, upward glance.

"Nothing can destroy my faith in you, dear," replied Andrew, clasping the girl close to his heart.

"So you've told Aunt Hetty all about it and you're goin' to 'surprise' Andrew. When the masqueradin' goin' to end? Well, well, I wonder how Andrew'll take it?" said Uncle Joshua. He chuckled softly.

Blanche don't know neither does Andrew know anything about the fifty thousand dollars that his uncle left in his care to be given to him on his wedding day. Well, well, it does beat all."

There is a rustling of silk, then a vision of loveliness, such as the waiting lover had sometimes seen in his dreams, appeared before him. Dazed with astonishment he drew the small, daintily gloved hand within his arm and walked slowly into the old fashioned parlor where Aunt Hetty, Uncle Joshua and their guests were assembled.

"What God hath joined together let no man put asunder," said the white haired minister reverently. Congratulations followed, then Uncle Joshua drew Andrew aside and placing a folded document in his hand said, "Your Uncle Timothy's will, my blessing goes with it."

Two soft hands clasped Andrew's arm, "I—I—must tell you Andrew—that my name isn't Sarah, it is Blanche—and—and I have a good deal of money—and—and—"

Blanche's tear dimmed eyes pleaded for forgiveness. Andrew hesitated for an instant then opening wide his arms clasped his wife to his heart. "Nothing can separate us now, my darling," he said fervently.

"It's turned out just as I said it would, Josiah," said Aunt Hetty. "When folks make up their minds that they're made for each other, they don't gen'ly let small things stand in the way."

"I don't think they do," replied farmer Jocelyn dreamily.

M. A. THURTON.

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